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TIME

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The Incredible Tennis Machine

Sweden's Bjorn Borg

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JUNE 30, 1980 Vol. 115 No. 26

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

What is it like to be the greatest tennis player of our time, perhaps of all time? Sport Writer B.J. Phillips, who did this week's cover story on Bjorn Borg, gained some surprising insights into the life of the Swedish superstar. Phillips spent two weeks with Borg at the French Open in Paris, watching him in action (he won the tournament handily), at practice and at rest. She talked with his fiancée, Mariana Simionescu, a tennis star in her own right, his parents and his coach. She had lengthy sessions with Borg himself, including a round-trip plane ride between Paris and Rome. To travel in the orbit of a superstar, reports Phillips, "is to be envied. All the tennis fans on the plane—including the pilot—came around for autographs, and many of them looked at me as though their idea of dying and going to heaven was to sit and talk to Bjorn Borg for two hours." Inside the phlegmatic Swede, Phillips found, there is a bright, charming young man. "He's not wildly controversial or colorful," she says. "But he has a dry, self-deprecating wit, and the patience and good will of a true gentleman. He will sign hundreds of autographs and never let on to people that they happen to be intruding on his time."

BURTON BERINSKY

Ainslie and Phillips at work

Reporter-Researcher Peter Ainslie, who wrote the accompanying story on Borg's financial empire, has watched Borg play many times and is impressed above all with his good manners. "I've seen him angry only once," he said. "He turned and asked the umpire, 'Are you sure about that call?' For Borg, that is a tantrum." Ainslie interviewed many of Borg's tennis colleagues, including players, officials and promoters. "Fellow pros like John McEnroe, Stan Smith and Harold Solomon see one facet of Borg, but I got some surprising insights from talking to tennis umpires," says Ainslie. "Some of them have been in the business for years. They can make valid comparisons with the great players of the past, whereas for today's players, that's more difficult. Borg was born the same year Lew Hoad won his first Wimbledon singles title."

Phillips came away from the assignment with a very personal souvenir: Borg's coach, Lennart Bergelin, undertook to massage away her chronic case of tennis elbow. "Borg calls him Dr. Black-and-Blue, and now I know why," says Phillips. "After the massage, my arm swelled up and turned a rainbow of colors. But three days later I was able to lift my arm over my head without pain for the first time in a year." And her hands to the typewriter, for a pleasing and unique look at the incredible tennis machine.

John a. Meyer

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Cover: Photograph by Neil Leifer.

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Center Stage in Geopolitics

by Stephen Orpen

Tanker enters Cape Town harbor

"The almost-developed countries (ADCs) promise to change the economic map of the world as much in the next 25 years as the development of Japan . . . changed the economic map of the world in the 30 years after World War II."

To some, this vision by management guru, Peter Drucker, in his latest book, "Managing in Turbulent Times," may seem self-evident. His idea that the developed nations will have to counteract labor shortages through "production sharing" agreements with populous Third World nations, and especially the ADCs, is not new. The concept of ADCs supplying workers for labor-intensive manufacturing, with the developed countries providing expertise and technology in return, is already taking root in countries like Brazil, Mexico, Taiwan, South Korea and South Africa.

But there are at least three critical differences when one discusses South Africa.

First, it enjoys monopolies or partial monopolies in the major reserves and supply of many of the world's most strategic metals and minerals; gold, chrome, the platinum group metals, vanadium, diamonds, manganese and nickel.

Second, the country is geographically placed at a strategic crossroads of world trade routes; 70% of imported oil must pass the Cape of Good Hope en route to the engines of Europe and the West.

Not least, the country's 25-million population is a polyglot of races and cultures which provide a color and strength to the totality but which are also a breeding ground for political ferment and potential conflict. Overarching all—at least in the eyes of the country's critics—is a struggle for political power between black and white, with the Second and Third Worlds, and much of black Africa, behind the blacks. The facts are not that simple. But it remains true that, because of its crucial strategic importance, South Africa can in some ways be likened to the mideast as a potential battleground for East-West influence and exploitation, and its own internal tensions make the external stresses all the more critical.

Taken together, these three factors present inescapable dilemmas to the West, and especially the United States.

In terms of superpower balance, it is clear that the West cannot afford to wash its hands of South Africa, as it might be tempted to do under heavy, Soviet-accommodating UN and Third World pressure.

To opt for the other easy alternative—by joining the Second and Third Worlds in hammering for a quick shift to black government in the country—is to risk signing up with the barrel-of-the-gun brigade that knows no rules and seeks revolution as an end in itself. One thinks of the army of wildmen of the sort that has crippled Iran.

Of course, there is the chance that the wildmen will moderate into seemingly West-leaning capitalists, like Robert Mugabe in newly-independent Zimbabwe across South Africa's northern border. But there is also the chance that they will be replaced by other wildmen. Which is not good for business and usually disastrous for America's foreign interests.

If the USSR and South Africa were to join hands in an OPEC-type exercise covering their monopoly of basic commodities—essential for world industry and armaments—there is no doubt that they could hold the West to ransom that could, with OPEC's efforts, effectively cripple the non-communist world.

That the two countries would voluntarily join hands under their present, highly antithetic governing systems is unthinkable. The ruling classes in South Africa, in both public and private sectors, are currently pursuing a joint love affair with the power of free market forces and the rationalization of government and the bureaucracy. Moscow, while toying with the profit motive, is still Moscow; a monument to central planning and hard socialism.

That South Africa and Moscow might "involuntarily" join hands is by no means as impossible, however. South Africa is the most powerful and effective military machine for its size among the ADCs and in Africa. But without Western support—or under the sort of active and gradually escalating pressure it has suffered from a largely hostile world in the past 15 years—it is by no means unthinkable that it could eventually fall prey to Moscow-leaning forces.

One has seen what has happened in Iran and Afghanistan. For many reasons, simplistic comparisons with the mideast are invalid. Unlike Iran or Afghanistan, South Africa is an industrialized country with a long history of

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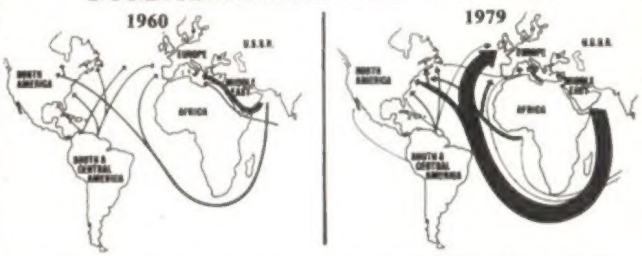
The author has written widely for most of the world's leading publications. Mr. Orpen also broadcasts for BBC and is an expert on African and South African affairs, having worked as an editor in South Africa for 15 years. He is currently editor of the South African Business Times.

Who needs South Africa anyway?

South Africa is years ahead in the commercial application of SYNFUEL TECHNOLOGY

Commercial oil-from-coal is now being produced at two plants in South Africa. When a third plant is completed in 1983, nearly 50% of the nation's oil requirements will be produced from domestic coal.

COMPARATIVE OIL TRAFFIC



As the maps illustrate graphically, the import of foreign oil by Western countries has made South Africa's geographic location at the southern tip of Africa a strategic keystone for the Free World. In 1978, it is estimated some 936 million tons of crude oil was transported around the Cape of Good Hope sea route.

South Africa metals and minerals are vital to U.S. and other Western economies. Take Chromium, for instance.

Allen G. Gray, technical director of the American Society of Metals: *"A cut-off of our chromium supply could be even more serious than a cut-off of our oil supply. We do have some oil, but we have almost no chromium."* (TIME, January 21, 1980.)

FOR MORE INFORMATION on South Africa and the way in which a friendly and stable South Africa assists the U.S. economy, send coupon or write:

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SOUTH AFRICA'S VITAL ROLE IN WORLD MINERAL RESERVES

Calculated as percentage of the West and/or World Reserves

RAW MATERIAL	WESTERN WORLD POSITION	%	WORLD RESERVES POSITION	%
Vanadium	1	90	1	49
Platinum Group	1	89	1	75
Chrome Ore	1	84	1	81
Manganese Ore	1	93	1	78
Gold	1	64	1	51
Fluorspar	1	46	1	35
Aluminum, Silicate, Fire-resistant materials (Andalusite, Cyanite)	1	45	1	34
Diamonds	2	23	2	21
Vermiculite	2	30	2	29
Antimony	2	18	3	5
Uranium	2	18	NA	NA
Asbestos	2	8	4	5
Zinc	4	10	5	8
Lead	4	5	5	4
Nickel	5	8	7	6
Titanium	5	8	6	7
Silver	5	6	6	4
Coal	4	10	6	6
Iron Ore	6	6	7	3
Copper	11	2	13	2

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Center Stage in Geopolitics

advanced development on Western lines, albeit with a still developing rural base. Also, South Africa's dominant culture, imported by the whites who comprise some 25% of the mainly black populous, is sophisticated Western-Christian rather than primitive Islamic.

Yet, surrounded as it now is by black African countries whose leaders rose to power on a wave of Marxist dogma and communist support and arms, South Africa is increasingly a geopolitical prize that the US dare not reject.

Likewise, if it is in any way serious about human rights, the US should be wary about reacting too hastily to the clamorings of its own minorities, and other strident groups, for disengagement from South Africa on the grounds that this will assist change in the direction of power for the country's blacks.

The blacks themselves have repeatedly rejected the right of foreign minorities to call for disinvestment and other punitive measures against South Africa—which will hit the country's blacks first and hardest, and continue to hurt them. They have seen this happen too often in Africa not to grasp the dangers. They have also recognized that punitive measures by Western nations often play into the hands of revolutionaries at home who are much more interested in their own power than in the broader economic interests of their own people.

Of course, it is not always so. Nor are the intentions of Africa's new leaders, who may have suffered years of disadvantagement themselves, necessarily bad. But politics in Africa still has a way of rotting Western values and institutions. This is all too often beyond the power of any new leader to control.

South Africa: Storehouse of the World's Mineral Wealth

Mr. Basil Hersov, chairman of one of South Africa's largest mining and finance houses and honorary president of the South African Foundation, notes: "It has been said that a mineral cartel consisting only of South Africa and the Soviet Union could hold the world to greater ransom than the OPEC combination.

"I am not suggesting that this will ever occur. But the implication is clear —particularly at a time when the USA is assuming a stronger defense posture.

"An article published in 'Business Week' points out that the Soviet Union is self-sufficient in 21 of the 27 strategic minerals and in none more than 50% dependent. The USA, by contrast, is only self-sufficient in 5 of the critical 27."

As explained by Tom Main, of the Chamber of Mines of SA (a private sector body), "South Africa ranks first both in the West and in the world in reserves of chrome, fluorspar, gold, manganese, the platinum group metals and vanadium.

SOUTH AFRICA— WHERE, HOW, WHAT, WHO?

South Africa is roughly twice the size of France and one-eighth the size of the USA. It is the tenth largest state in Africa and its population of some 25 million is comparable to Canada's and nearly twice that of Australia. The Gross National Product of some $50 billion is less than half that of Australia and one-fifth that of Canada but easily the largest in Africa. With about 6% of Africa's population, South Africa nevertheless generates some 55% of the continent's electricity, produces 85% of its steel and offers almost half of its telephones. In a starving continent, South Africa is a net exporter of food, much of it to neighboring black states. Per capita consumption of energy is far less than that in the US but still more than 30 times as much as in Nigeria, so often viewed as the emerging power on the continent. South Africa is dependent on imported energy for only 20% of its consumption, which is overwhelmingly coal based, and the country is expected to become a net exporter of energy within four years. It produces more energy already than France or Brazil, and more crude steel than Sweden or East Germany. South Africa produces more corn than Canada, more wool than the US, more wine than Greece, more fish than Britain or Canada and more sugar than Hawaii or the West Indies. Blacks comprise about 70% of the population which is likely to double in about 20 years, to reach 50 million by the turn of the century and 81 million by the year 2020. The country has recently been running a large surplus in the balance of payments, with exports above $20 billion a year and imports around $15 billion. Main contributors to Gross Domestic Product are manufacturing ($12 billion), mining ($9.5 billion), wholesale and retail trading ($6.5 billion), the financial sector ($6 billion) and farming and fishing ($4 billion). Exports are headed by gold, base metals and minerals, diamonds and prepared foodstuffs. Imports are dominated by machinery and electrical equipment, transport equipment and chemical and allied products. The current real national rate of growth is above 5% a year, although inflation is running near 14% annually. The currency is the rand, which is equal to about $1.30 at the commercial rate of exchange. There is also a so-called "financial" rand which stands at a discount to the commercial rand and which is used primarily for injecting money into or pulling it out of the country, as it is not subject to the same foreign exchange control regulations as the commercial rand. Returns on investment rank among the highest in the world, although naturally subject to business cycles and political events.

"The country ranks very high in a range of other strategic materials from uranium to antimony and asbestos.

"Between them, South Africa and the Soviet Union hold some 95% of the world's vanadium reserves, 94% of its manganese, 90% of the platinum group metals, 84% of chrome, 70% of gold and more than 50% of at least 10 other vital commodities."

Mr. Main feels that the dependency of the big powers in the West on South African mineral supplies is worth analyzing.

"Thus, in 1978, South Africa was responsible for supplying some 90% of Japan's vanadium requirements, 71% of its imports of andalusite group metals, 71% of its ferrochrome, 52% of its chrome ore, 35% of its manganese ore, 34% of its asbestos, 30% of its coal, 28% of its platinum and 27% of its fluorspar, as well as most of its gem diamonds and a sizable slice of its iron ore.

"The USA imported 90% of andalusite, 87% of vanadium, 79% of ferrochrome, 55% of the platinum group, 52% of diamonds, 49% of (imported) coal, 48% of ferro-manganese, 31% of manganese metal and 23% of fluorspar."

The total value of South Africa's mineral sales has increased more than sixfold in the past decade from some $1.6 billion to $12.1 billion.

Although gold has been the core of the mining industry since 1886, with sales valued at some $7.2 billion last year, the marked leap in the value of mineral outputs other than gold from some $54 million in 1945 to some $5 billion last year shows the extensive development that has occurred.

Known reserves include 12.139 billion metric tons of manganese ore, some 93 billion tons of coal up to a depth of 90 feet, 9.5 billion tons of iron ore, more than 3 billion tons of chrome ore, 16.5 million tons of gold—and so on.

Without access to these riches—or with access at prices and on conditions dictated by a hostile or even geopolitically astute neutral state—the West, and especially the USA, could see its steel production collapse, the aerospace and armaments industries crippled, many consumer prices skyrocketing and its global power irreparably eroded.

The post-war expansion of South Africa's gold mining industry, for which the country is best known, has been accompanied by a steep rise in the value of gold production. From $284 million in 1949 the figure more than trebled to $972 million in 1968. This was achieved in the face of rising costs and a fixed gold price, as a result of the higher grades of gold ore

Ore train on the west coast

Bet the Sheikhs wish this came out of the desert

(it will last longer than their oil)

. . . and South Africa has an abundance of it.

Almost anything that is derived from oil can also be obtained from coal. That is why, in 1971, long before the OPEC crises, AECI went back to coal to update the technology of extracting chemicals from coal.

This culminated in the world's largest nitrogen-from-coal complex, making explosives, fertilisers and urea. Also the gigantic Coalplex complex (another world's largest) that produces plastics, caustic soda and chlorine. These chemicals and their derived products are used in practically every industry and exported to world markets contributing to the security and resources of the western world.

Chemicals derived from coal: ammonia, blasting explosives, polyvinyl chloride (PVC), urea, limestone ammonium nitrate, ammonium nitrate, methanol, nitric acid.

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found in the newer goldfields and improved managerial and technological efficiency.

The launching of the two-tier gold system in March 1968 set in train the huge further bonanza which has resulted since—helped by a rickety world monetary system and some strange gold strategies from the US Treasury.

As US Senator, Jesse Helms, put it in the Senate last year, "gold and money—it's a connection that just won't go away." That was apparently still not the official view.

South African Minister of Finance, Owen Horwood, explains: "The kind of gold debate which was fashionable a decade ago is dead. Gold remains an important subject on the international monetary agenda; as I said at the IMF/Bank of International Settlements meeting in Belgrade last year, gold is often printed on the agenda in invisible ink, so as to avoid giving embarrassment to those who choose to deny its relevance.

"But, in effect, it is always there. Or, as Mr. Jude Wanniski put it in "The Wall Street Journal," 'it is considered impolite to discuss the gold standard in front of children or modern economists. Children might ask embarrassing questions. Also, modern economists might be embarrassed, at least those who advised us that inconvertible currencies and floating exchange rates would do wonders for us all. But they can leave the room . . .'"

Horwood feels that: "Attempts to demonetize gold have collapsed. . . . Despite the enormous increase in official dollar holdings in recent years, gold at present market prices constitutes about 60% of the total official reserves of the member countries of the International Monetary Fund.

"Secondly, it is clear that gold will play a key role in backing up the proposed new SDR (Special Drawing Rights) substitution account in the IMF, which is designed to accommodate the purported desire of some countries to hold less dollars in their reserves without disturbing transactions in foreign exchange markets . . .

"As a founder member of the IMF and, moreover, one which has consistently advocated a significant monetary role for gold, we also remain conscious of our responsibility to assist in maintaining orderly conditions on world foreign exchange markets.

"It is not, and has never been, our policy to 'play the market.'"

Presumably, however, that commitment is conditional on at least a modicum of cooperation from the US in gold and political matters.

Mr. Denys Marvin, chief executive of the country's largest chemical group, AECI, agrees with Mr. Tom Main that: "equally spectacular, and perhaps in the long run of even greater significance than gold, is the expansion of the base minerals sector and not least of the country's coal deposits."

With assets and turnover near $900 million, AECI has worked in parallel with the $450-million Sentrachem group to expand domestic manufacture to cover virtually all industrial, agricultural and consumer chemical and plastics products. It has based its recent technology almost entirely on coal, of which the country has sufficient resources for hundreds of years of local consumption and exports.

The two private sector giants, with a large share of South African capital, have invested at least $500 million in recent years in huge plants—notably a complex called Coalplex—to produce a glittering array of basic feedstuffs and chemical and plastic bases.

In the public sector, news of the decade has been the mushrooming of the so-called Sasol range of products. Sasol has its roots in a White Paper presented in 1927, which cleared the way for the processing of shale oil.

In 1949 Anglovaal obtained a license to build a plant to produce oil from coal and an interim committee of private and public sector experts then cooperated to get the venture underway. Problems with funding and initial profit projections led to the state taking the upper hand and construction on the first plant, using a combination of German and American technology, began in 1951.

The end result was a complex producing enough petrol for some 4% of the country's needs but also a host of feedstocks which fuelled the development of a gaggle of private enterprise interlinked plants greatly advancing the range and sophistication of the country's chemicals capability and technology.

With the oil crisis in 1973, the economics of producing oil, petrol and diesolene from coal were transformed and, with a baleful eye on pressures to apply economic sanctions on South Africa and isolate it from its oil supply sources overseas, the government was quick to approve two new and much larger Sasol complexes in quick succession.

The first of these (Sasol II) is already beginning operations and the third should be fully operational by the end of the decade.

Together, the three Sasol complexes and their surrounding plants will have cost at least $10 billion when complete. But their strategic value will easily outweigh this, even before allowing that substantial profits will flow in due course.

Together with the world's largest methanol plants from AECI and as many as 15 ethanol plants from Sentrachem, the Sasol ventures could make South Africa virtually independent of oil imports by the nineties. Also, the country already enjoys an invaluable lead in applied oil-from-coal technology and is working hard on hydrogenation and other processes. Nuclear research is likewise well advanced, and the first of a number of planned coastal N-power stations is under construction near Cape Town.

Drag-line at Rietspruit coal mine

Sasol chief, Joe Stegmann, remarks of his projects: "they should be evaluated in a dynamic and not a static sense. We need to know that prices will follow, in a general way, actual product prices prevailing in the petroleum industry."

"I am confident that by the mid-eighties we shall have turned Sasols II and III into fully commercial units..."

Why Invest in South Africa?

"In the minds of responsible blacks, the question remains: 'Who gave these activists in the US and elsewhere a mandate to demand disinvestment to effect changes in South Africa?'

"The black community in South Africa has never made such a request. Nor have they ever resolved at their innumerable meetings, political or otherwise, to ask for boycotts and disinvestment to effect change in South Africa.

"The priorities of the blacks in South Africa are socio-economic. We need houses. We need jobs. We need more education. We definitely do not need economic disruption. This can only lead to misery and unemployment; inability to feed one's family and children."

Thus argues David Thebehali, black leader and mayor of by far the largest black city in divided South Africa—Soweto, scene of riots in 1976.

Understandably, his is the considered, moderate view. There are certainly other black leaders who disagree totally.

There are times when one can sympathize with their motives—when the lumbering, bureaucratic machine that still controls their freedom of movement, of trade and of abode resorts to arrogant intransigence, interminable stalling and absurd rule-book decisions.

Yet there can be no doubt that the greatest good for the greatest number still lies in the policy of evolution now being accelerated by Government.

It is a policy which has in the past two years been built on new foundations—a dedication to the free market, rapid economic growth to mop up unemployment and the gradual dismantling of discriminatory legislation. It should be less gradual, of course. But right-wing hardliners are still sufficiently troublesome to prevent Government moving faster.

These political aspects of the investment question are paramount for two reasons:

—There is little need to dwell on the traditional business attractions of the country as a region for investment. In the past 50 years, with only short interruptions as a result of unrest, returns on investment in South Africa have been consistently among the best anywhere, and on many occasions THE best. So, allowing for the usual business cycles, the impact of this century's major wars, and so on, the business arguments for investment in the country are incontrovertible and prospects based on economics alone remain highly enticing, especially for the coming few years.

—Anyone, anywhere who cares about the welfare of South Africa's blacks needs to support the idea that only through more and not less investment from overseas will South Africa's

FLUOR WORLD-WIDE REPORT

OIL FROM COAL HAS BEEN PRODUCED FOR THE FIRST TIME BY THE WORLD'S LARGEST SYNTHETIC FUELS PLANT, SASOL TWO.

In making the announcement, Sasol Limited Managing Director Johannes A. Stegmann said: "Today is an important day for Sasol and South Africa. We are now moving towards greater independence from imported crude oil."

He said that the job is running essentially on schedule and that he is confident it will be completed within the original 1975 budget.

"This magnificent result is due in no small measure to the excellent Fluor job organization and the efficient control systems introduced by Fluor on the job," he said.

The next step in the process, the production of gasoline, diesel fuels and other saleable products, was imminent as of this June.

Fluor is managing contractor, providing engineering, procurement and construction for Sasol Two and for Sasol Three at Secunda, South Africa.

Fluor and Sasol have reached an agreement for the marketing and use of Sasol's Coal Conversion Technology in the United States. Fluor's skill and experience in helping make the Sasol project a reality apply equally to the development of other synthetic fuel approaches in the U.S. and abroad.

Fluor has been actively involved in a broad spectrum of synfuels technologies for ten years and has amassed more than 3,200,000 manhours of first rank technical and supervisory experience in the various engineering disciplines.

In addition to the technology associated with Sasol Two and Three, Fluor has a broad range of experience in:

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- combined cycle coal gasification;
- oil shale mining and production;
- heavy oil/tar sands mining, extraction and upgrading;
- methanol from coal;
- methyl tertiary butyl ether (MTBE);
- ethanol from biomass.

Building the multi-billion dollar facilities to produce synthetic fuels requires the resources and experience of a full-service contractor. Fluor, one of the world's largest, most diversified engineering-construction contractors, has these resources and the experience.

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Center Stage in Geopolitics

blacks be assisted not only to enjoy a rising standard of living but also to achieve more say in the country's political direction.

Harry Oppenheimer, head of the country's largest corporate empire, the $8 billion Anglo American group, which employs more blacks than any other single organization in the country, recently explained: "Those who seek to bring about change in South Africa's racial attitudes and policies by cutting us off from the capital markets of the world should understand clearly that, in practice, if not intent, they are aiming at change by violence.

"It would be naive in the extreme to suppose that by isolating South Africa economically it would be possible to bring about a change of heart or mind in the governing party (to which Oppenheimer is opposed). Nor could anything be more absurd than to expect that a rapid changeover to majority rule based on one-man-one-vote—which is apparently what many of our liberal critics want—would be likely to boost the confidence of foreign investors.

"That confidence may be at a low ebb (it is higher now) but it is certainly far above that in any of the black-ruled countries in Africa . . ."

He and others have pointed out that there is no real possibility of reverting to a simpler, more labor-intensive system in the advanced sector of the economy. Thus the main effect of a shortage of investment capital will not be to reduce wages in white-controlled industries but to perpetuate the dual nature of the economy.

Oppenheimer's son Nicky, who also plays a major role at Anglo American, notes: "We must realize that South Africa has become an essentially dualistic society in the sense that urban prosperity co-exists with massive urban poverty.

"The private sector has a role to play in rural development, provided the government is willing to play its part.

"If we are serious about rural development we should not only be offering whites the option to stay in rural areas set aside for blacks, but actively encouraging them to stay."

Foreign investment in South Africa is now running at some $12 billion compared with annual total fixed investment of some $15 billion expected in 1980.

According to a recent copy of the state-sponsored Economic Development Program, to maintain a target national real growth rate of some 6.4% a year, gross fixed investment in the next few years will need to top some $100 billion.

Of this, perhaps $15 billion or $20 billion should be from abroad, although the country might make do with rather less.

Grand for Tourists

Flying time from New York to Jan Smuts airport near Johannesburg, the country's key aerial gateway, is about 16 hours.

The visitor can draw comfort from the fact that the cost of visiting South Africa is still relatively modest. A single room in a top (5-star) hotel in Johannesburg can be had, with continental breakfast, for as little as $30. In a London survey of costs for visitors to 60 cities, Johannesburg was recently indexed at only 70, compared with 100 in London and 166 in New York.

Johannesburg is the logical starting point for tours. With a population of some 2 million, and in character like a pocket-sized New York or Sao Paulo, but with more beautiful suburbs, it is the largest city in the Republic.

The administrative capital is Pretoria, with streets lined with Jacarandas, glorious, mauve-colored trees, at their best in the spring months of October and November. The city's stately architecture—interspersed with ultra-modern tower blocks—is crowned by Sir Herbert Baker's Union Buildings, seat of government, atop a high hill overlooking the central business district.

About 400 miles by road from Johannesburg is the port of Durban. It is a major seaport and holiday resort. In January and February, the city bakes in the summer sun but visitors soon adjust to the slower pace necessary.

From Durban, the visitor can select the climate preferred, from the less humid southern coast to the mountain air of the Drakensberg (literally "Dragon's Mountain") range, with many resorts about 2.5 hours drive inland. The "Garden Route" is a picturesque, heavily-forested stretch roughly midway between Durban and Cape Town. Nearby is one of the loveliest resort areas, combining long, golden beaches with lakes brimful of fish. It is aptly named "The Wilderness."

The legislative capital, Cape Town, is the country's mother city and its oldest and most gracious, with superb settings and mountain scenery, outstanding beaches, good fishing spots and numerous historical sights.

The Kruger National Park, about the size of Wales, is near the Mozambique border some 6 hours drive from Johannesburg by luxury coach. It is one of the world's most impressive game reserves. Comfortable bungalows are available in its many rest camps.

Johannesburg skyline

One can buy on the spot, or bring along, meat for barbecueing (braaiing) on open log fires under the stars.

Animals in the reserve, which stretches some 200 miles long, include lion, elephant, rhino, hippos, cheetah, leopard, buffalo, giraffe, zebra, hyena, wild hog, crocodile and dozens of small predators, buck and birds for all shapes, sizes and habits.

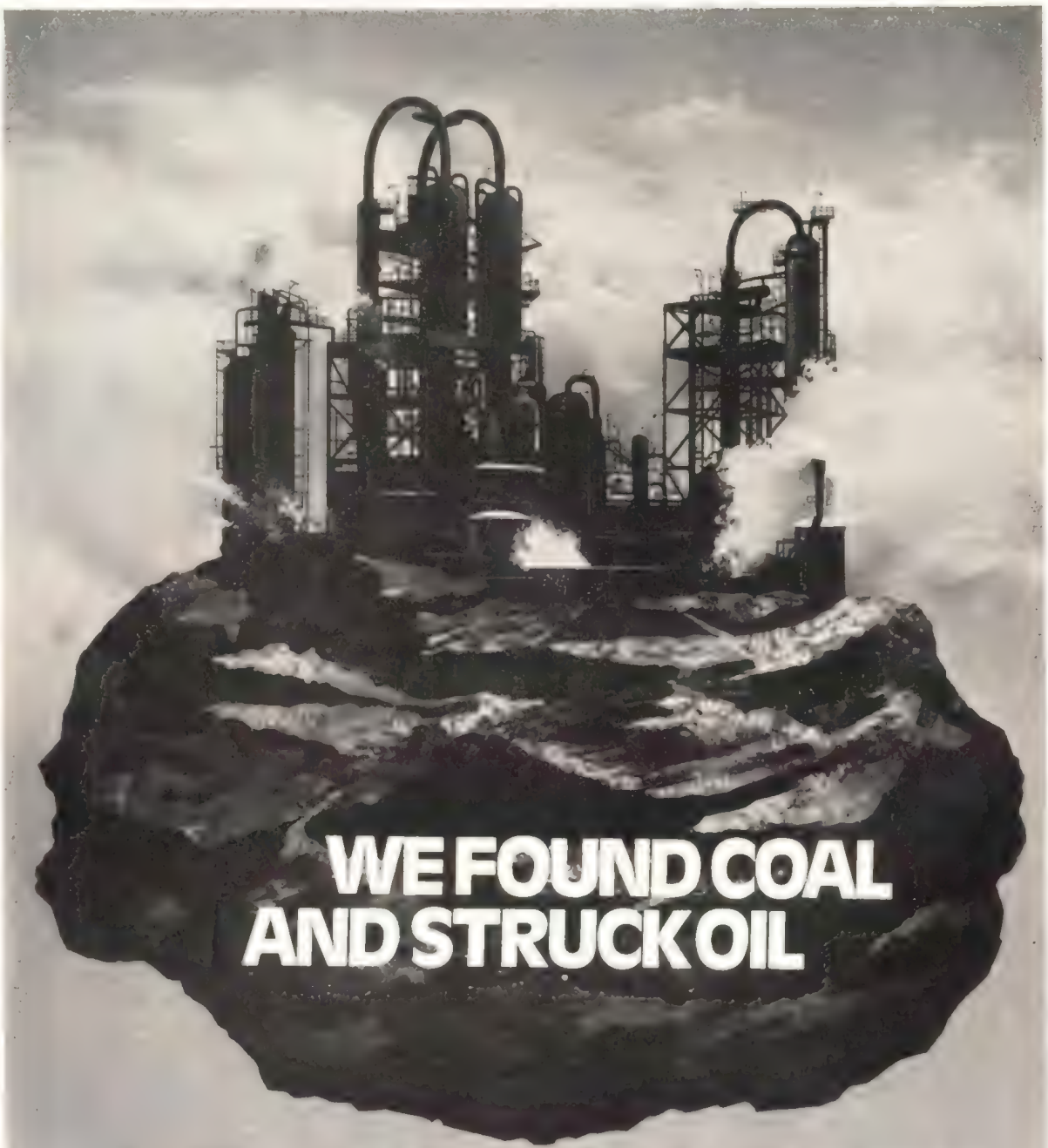
The countryside and terrain is true, unspoilt Africa bush, rolling across endless plains broken by rocky outcrops, glades and riverine greenery.

There are many smaller game reserves in areas from open desert and high mountains to jungle and coastal swamps.

The climate is dry with almost permanently blue skies on the highveld encompassing Johannesburg and Pretoria, with clear winters also in the lowveld harboring Kruger Park.

Durban is sub-tropical. Cape Town has a Mediterranean climate. The Cape is vine country and renowned for its many fine estate and general market wines.

Lions in the Kruger Park



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Letters

Bearing Arms

To the Editors:

Who'll fight for America [June 9]? I will. On any American shore.

John P. Nyberg
Englewood, Colo.

I would, but my country*men* won't let me.

Linda Gotthardt
Ashland, Ohio

I don't want my daughter to have to go out and die for an oil company.

Margi Dukore
Kaneohe, Hawaii

If the country truly needs us, we will go. Let's just be damn sure we know who the bad guys are.

Cliff Scogin
Dallas

Who can expect us to care about protecting our freedom or country when we neglect our environment, neighbors and families? It will take Soviet soldiers breaking down our back doors before we realize what was worth protecting and saving.

Viola Ahrens
Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.

So many of the "tell me my rights, not my responsibilities" herd seem to think an adequate military force causes wars. Do they think a well-equipped and fully staffed fire department causes fires?

Robert Stewart
Bakersfield, Calif.

A draft can prevent a shortage of privates, but not of corporals and sergeants, and it is the corporals and the sergeants that we lack. Reinstatement of conscription cannot solve the manpower crisis. Adequate military compensation, coupled with a new G.I. Bill, can.

William L. Armstrong
U.S. Senator, Colorado
Washington, D.C.

War has changed since 1945. What is needed now is intelligence and experience, not just a strong body. A 50-year-old woman can push a button or fix a computer as well as an 18-year-old boy, so let's apply the draft to all citizens under the age of 60 who are not veterans.

Ivan Strand
Aspen, Colo.

To the Right with Reagan

Correspondent Strobe Talbott made it sound as if Reagan's anti-Communism [June 9] was somehow irrational. The sooner we have a foreign policy based on a genuine understanding of Communism, the sooner there will be some hope for the survival and expansion of democracy in the world. To be a true democrat, one cannot be less than anti-Communist.

Jean V. Poulard
Michigan City, Ind.

"Man the fallout shelters! Prepare the survival kits! To hell with détente!" These will be the rallying cries of American foreign policy should Reagan win the presidency. The time has come for us to realize that we either have to learn to live with the Communists or die with them.

John R. Clark
Shamokin, Pa.

Impatient Cubans

So the Cuban refugees [June 9] are outraged at their "mistreatment"? They can't take the boredom of waiting while hundreds of thousands of tax dollars are poured into re-establishing them here in the U.S. If the cost of freedom is a few extra days spent sitting around with your buddies, you've got off cheap.

Frances Pelzman
New York City

Each and every one of the Cuban refugees who took to the streets in Fort Chaffee should be provided with a parachute and airlifted back over Cuba.

Deborah A. Whitaker
Hagerstown, Md.

My first reaction to the announcement that Cuban refugees would be allowed into the U.S. was "Good." Then, after all the violence at places like Fort Chaffee, I began having second thoughts. I was so angry I wanted them all sent back, until I realized what they had been through under Castro. It must seem hard for people not used to democracy to understand why it takes so long.

David Chase
Saugerties, N.Y.

Nixon's Insights

Your comments concerning Richard Nixon's *The Real War* [June 9] present us with a very sad paradox: that a leader with such brilliant insights into the correct conduct of foreign policy should also be so blind to the realities of constitutional law that the Republic cannot afford his genius.

Mike Varney
Seattle

You state that Nixon "skips over the fact that a repressive regime may fall of its own weight." The most repressive regimes in the world are Communist and they don't fall. Yet many anti-Communist regimes that are not nearly so oppressive fall because we pull the rug out from under them when they don't completely fulfill our standards of democracy. Then the Communists and other radicals take advantage of the confusion, and we wind up on the short end.

Robert C. Avrett Jr.
Littleton, Colo.

Travolta Is Enough

I am tired of hearing about John Travolta's failing films. Travolta is the fantasy, not his films, and that's the reason I pay $4 to see his movies. His sexuality and sensitivity are reason enough to anticipate the release of *Urban Cowboy* [June 9] and be completely satisfied with the results. John Travolta is not the Brando of the '80s—Marlon Brando was the Travolta of the '50s.

Pat Lodde
Milwaukee

Refugees from Love Canal

What kind of country would hesitate to spend whatever is needed to relocate its own countrymen from the hazards of Love Canal [June 2]? We scarcely think twice about huge expenditures involved in taking in and relocating 80,000 Cuban refugees. Have those in power forgotten where charity should begin?

Carol H. Warren
Englewood, Fla.

Love Canal should be designated a national monument and dedicated to the unborn martyrs of the War of Technological Insanity.

Greg Gerritt
Farmington, Me.

Our Misteak

Mr. Babcock, my life-science teacher, taught me that human cells have 23 pairs of chromosomes. He has a sign on the wall of the classroom that says, TEACHERS NEVER MAKE MISTEAKS! In your story "Genetic Flap" [June 2], you say that human cells have 46 pairs. Who goofed?

Gayle Shupack
King of Prussia, Pa.

Not Mr. Babcock.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

American Scene

In Arizona: A New "Long Walk"?

On a high mesa framed by a fiery desert sky, the dancers appear: with eerie spectral masks, flesh painted in earthy clay and turquoise colors, and swathed in skins. The kachina priests whirl through the dusty streets of the village clacking tortoise rattles, chanting, waving yucca switches. Hopi legends say these "messengers of the Creator" have returned from the San Francisco mountains to begin anew the natural and spiritual cycle of planting and harvest. The desert will be blessed and purified and nourished by rain.

An hour's drive north of the high mesa, on desolate scrubland wreathed by a dark cathedral sky, a 67-year-old silver-haired Navajo woman carves fresh mutton in her tidy one-room hogan. In golden lamplight, she rakes glowing coals from a wood stove onto the dirt floor to barbecue the evening meal. Ella Deal has borne children and, with her husband Leonard, has tended sheep here for nearly 40 years. She is a descendant of Navajos who returned from the terrible "Long Walk" of 1864, when the U.S. cavalry herded 8,000 tribesmen 400 miles, from northern Arizona to Fort Sumner in eastern New Mexico. When snow piled up higher than the hogan roof a dozen years ago, she rode horseback through the blizzard eight days to watch over her sheep, losing half her hearing to frostbite. Ella Deal's life, too, moves to nature's seasonal and spiritual rhythms.

Today the seemingly peaceful worlds of the Navajo woman and the Hopi dancers are colliding, and bloodshed is possible. In the northeast corner of Arizona, a century-old conflict between the neighboring Hopi and Navajo nations over an area of mesa and desert land the size of the state of Rhode Island is finally approaching its sad conclusion.

More than 1,000 years ago, the Hopis (the word means "the peaceful ones") settled in the mesa-dotted desert farm land of northern Arizona. Passive and communal, they built stone and adobe houses on the tall mesas for protection against raiders, and farmed, hunted and gathered herbs on land that stretched away below them like a vast sea.

Navajos arrived from the north 500 years later. Proud and aggressive, they formed a fierce nomadic warrior culture, herding sheep and patrolling the desert on horses first introduced by Spanish explorers. Then, as now, the Navajos had little use for village life. Each family ranged over miles of grazing land, adding easily built mud and cedar-log hogans as new generations arrived, and moving the sheep when grazing areas played out. If they used the land differently from the Hopis, they attached equal mystical significance to it, dotting the hilltops with shrines attesting to its power to provide.

The resulting rivalry somewhat resembled the conflicts between wide-ranging cattlemen and fence-building farmers that grew up when white culture arrived. Almost from the beginning the Navajos clashed with those around them. The brutal 1864 forced march was punishment for their raids against neighboring Indians and white settlers. Soon afterward an attempt to introduce farming to the Navajos failed, and in 1868 the Government signed a treaty giving them 3.2 million acres straddling the Arizona–New Mexico border. Quite separately, Washington finally ratified some traditional Hopi claims. In 1882 President Chester A. Arthur signed an Executive order giving 2.4 million acres west of the Navajo grant to the Hopis and "such other Indians" as the Secretary of the Interior "may see fit to settle thereon." But the Hopi population (currently 8,000) stabilized, while the Navajos kept growing (there are now 150,000). Slowly the Navajos moved toward the Hopis until Navajo land filled Arizona territorial maps around the Hopi domain like water steadily rising around an island. By 1890 Navajos were grazing sheep within sight of the Hopi mesas and trading mutton for Hopi squash, beans, corn, cotton and pottery. But there were also raids and encroachments. When the Hopis complained, the Government tried a series of futile compromises. In 1943 it designated a fairly densely populated grazing district totaling about 640,000 acres as exclusively and forever Hopi. The Hopis protested angrily that this robbed them of 1.8 million acres from the 1882 grant. The Navajos argued that they should be considered the "other Indians" mentioned in President Arthur's Executive order. At one point, the courts designated the disputed land a "joint-use area." But because Hopis and Navajos could not agree on anything, wells dried up, roads disintegrated, even houses stopped in mid-construction while the tribes wrangled. Finally, in 1974, Congress authorized the federal district court in Tucson to partition the disputed land mainly according to population density.

MICHAEL DARSLEY

The ancient Hopi village of Walpi sits atop a mesa, surrounded by land already encroached upon by Navajo herds

Hopi Traditionalist David Monongye, who is blind and past 90, is convinced that the white culture's energy problems are secretly behind the dispute. The land has coal deposits, and Monongye believes that white-owned mining and drilling companies hope to profit from the confusion over its ownership. Today revenues from mineral leases to the white-owned Peabody Coal Co. provide one-third of the tribe's annual $2 million budget. At the same time, the 25% unemployment rate among young Hopis would easily double if federal employment programs evaporated. The future of the

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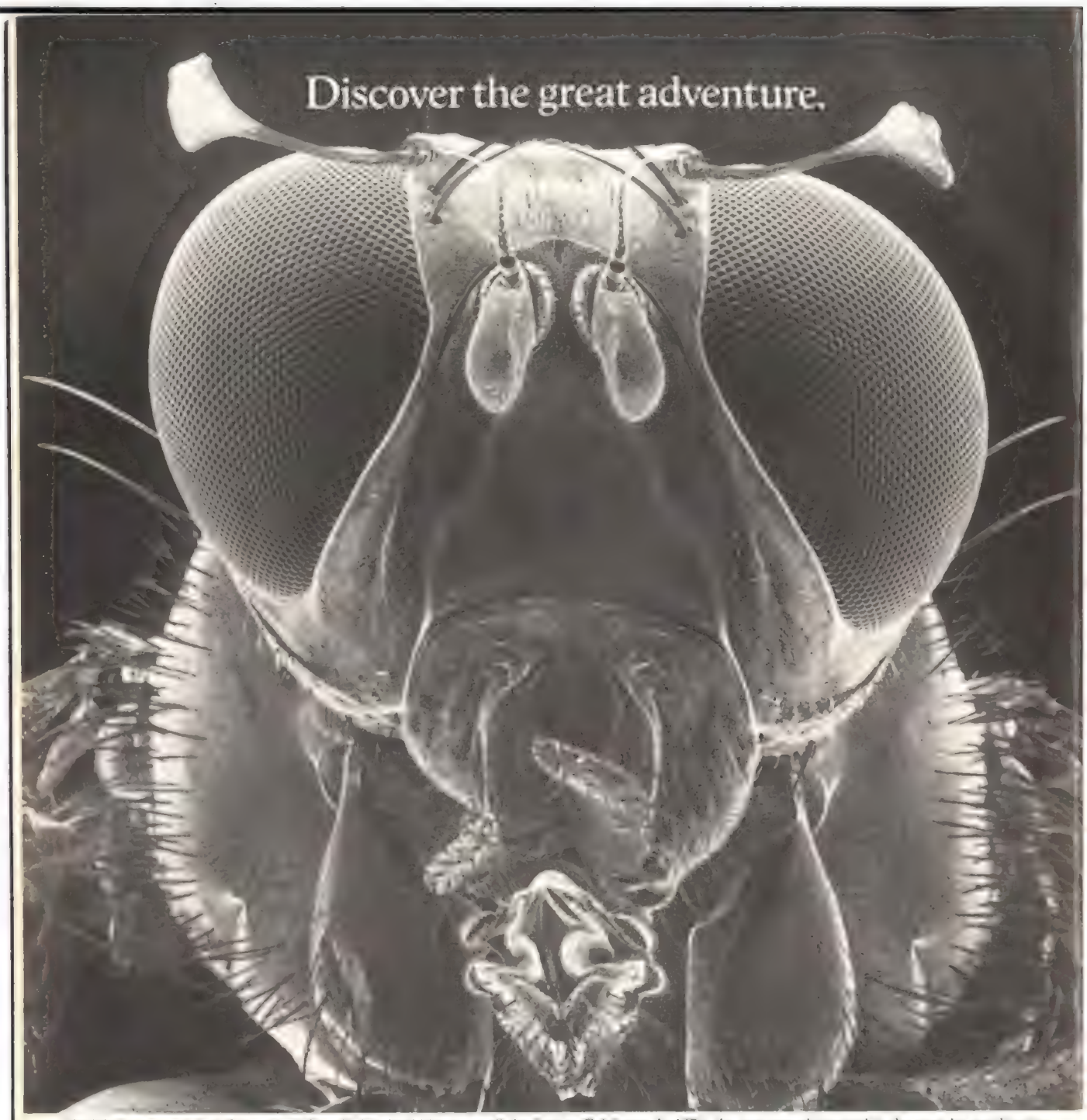

The Mediterranean fruit fly may look friendly but he'd like to eat all the fruit in California. In 1976, the pest was eliminated in the state by sterilization. Now, a lone male has shown up in a trap and there's fear of a new infestation. The scanning electron microscope picture is by David Scharf.

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American Scene

roving Navajos seems equally bleak. Their land is overgrazed and their population grows. The coal, oil and uranium of the region, which have made them, collectively, America's richest native Americans, will not last forever.

"My grandmother made the 'Long Walk' to Fort Sumner," Ella Deal says quietly as she serves the mutton with fried bread. "As a child, I found it hard to learn about it. Do you know why? When the old people started telling you, they would start crying."

The partition plan now under consideration will reserve much less land for the Hopis than they now officially possess. But it will eventually force thousands of Navajos and some Hopis to leave where they live and take what some call "the second Long Walk." For many caught on the wrong side of the meandering new line, life is about to turn into a latter-day Palestinian partition story. Some traditionalists have refused to go, despite a substantial offer of resettlement money. "I live inside four mountains, and I pray to them," says Navajo Katherine Smith, 60, who spent a night in jail after firing over the heads of workers erecting a partition fence near her home at Big Mountain. "We're old folks. We live on our land. We don't know about white man's law." Nathan Begay, a Hopi working in the reservation's Bureau of Indian Affairs office, insists the U.S. Government started it all. "By doing nothing for so many years, the Government consented to the Navajos' living out there. They dug in." Most observers assume that only death or federal marshals will force the older Navajos to leave. "It is my land since I was set here on the earth," insists Katenay Benally, 72, standing forlornly beside a Navajo chapter house in the desolate community of Hardrock. "I lie awake, and smoke a cigarette, and think of my grandchildren. How will they live in the future?"

Percy Deal, 29, a strapping, strong-willed Navajo who studied civil engineering for two years at Eastern Arizona College and represents his nation at relocation hearings, understands the legal justice of the case. "I realize the Hopis want to make use of what is rightfully theirs," he says. "But there are human beings out there. The stress on them is tremendous." Percy knows well. He is one of Ella Deal's children, and was unable to return to the family land after his schooling because new grazing permits were unavailable and new housing was forbidden. "We've lost so much," Ella Deal says as her guests finish. "I want my children to come back and learn Indian ways. But the Government has separated us." She moves her hand solemnly around the dark hogan. "Now my children and grandchildren are frightened of the sheep," says Ella Deal. "They think this is a dirty place." — *James Willwerth*

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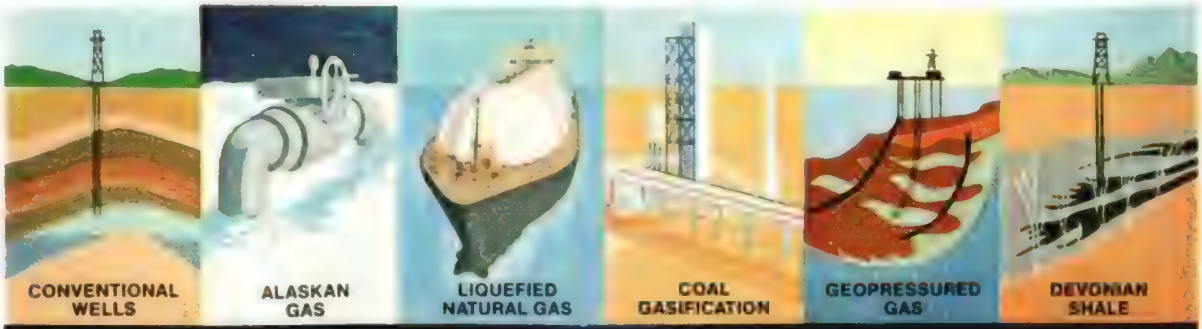

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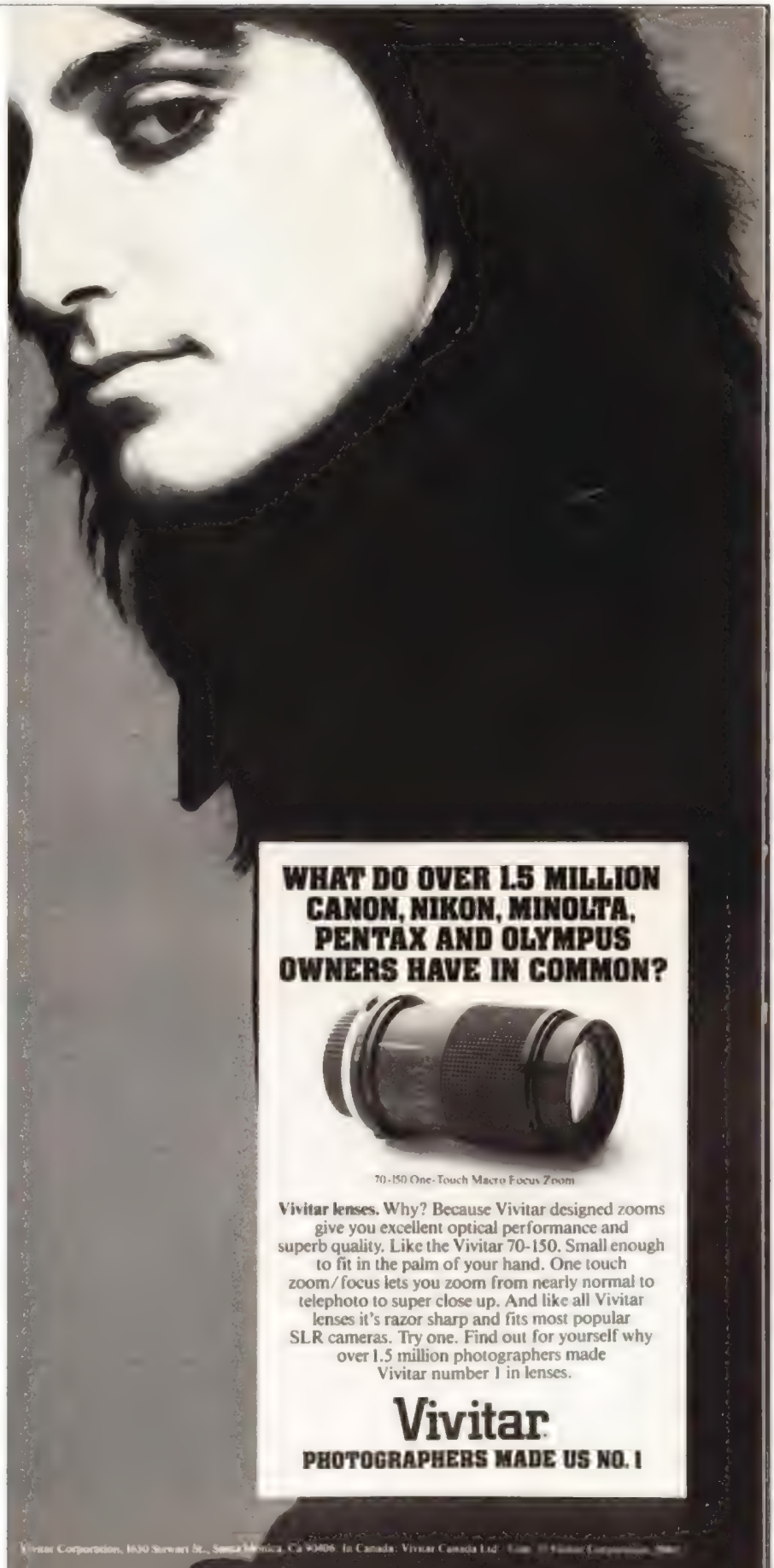

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TIME/JUNE 30, 1980

At the Bridge of Sighs

Discords abound as Carter meets the West's leaders in Venice

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
. . . and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles!
—Lord Byron (1818)

Like Childe Harold, Jimmy Carter was on a pilgrimage to Venice this week, not to muse on the fate of a vanished empire but to confer with the leaders of six allies in an effort to repair their sadly weakened ties. It was the sixth such summit in as many years, and it promised to be the most rancorous. Not in years has the West seemed in such disarray, with a newly self-confident Europe going its own way on issues ranging from the Soviet occupation of Afghanistan to the deadlocked Middle East peace talks. Predicted a senior West German Foreign Ministry official in a gentle tone: "It will not be an easy meeting."

Such difficulties were very much on Carter's mind as he left Washington accompanied by Wife Rosalynn and Daughter Amy, and such key aides as Secretary of State Edmund Muskie and National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski. With real unity on the many political disagreements seeming impossible, Carter set a limited goal for the talks. Said he on his departure: "We are not the Warsaw Pact, held together by one nation's tanks. Our alliance is based on understanding, not demands; on listening to each other's voices, not dictating terms . . . That is what makes these summit meetings so vital—and so difficult at times."

To sweeten the possibly bitter summit, Carter made a two-day stopover in Rome on the way to Venice and planned three days of sightseeing, fence mending and felicities afterward. The first stop: Yugoslavia, where he would try to make amends for his much criticized decision not to attend President Josip Broz Tito's funeral last month. Next: Spain and Portugal, as a way of celebrating their evolution from dictatorships to democracies.

In Rome the Italians welcomed Carter with an aerial tour of the city, taking him on a helicopter flight over the Appian Way, St. Peter's, the Forum. At times the helicopter flew at rooftop level. Soon after being greeted by President Sandro Pertini at the 16th century Quirinale Palace, the President changed into jogging togs. He ran round and round the palace, through a vast garden of magnolia and palm trees. Next morning he met with Pertini in the Sala d'Ercole (Room of Hercules) and reported that he had run 10 km (six miles). Pertini, who is 83, amiably replied that he had just done 15 km on his exercise bicycle.

Carter spent much of the day with Rosalynn and Amy visiting Roman ruins. At the Colosseum the President quipped "In modern days it would be politicians" instead of Christians who would be fed to the lions. That evening, the Carters dined at the Quirinale with President Pertini, Communist Party Chief Enrico Berlinguer and other top Italian politicians. Toasting Pertini with Ferrari spumante, Carter outlined his message to U.S. allies. He noted that the Soviet Union was thrusting southward, both directly into Afghanistan and indirectly through Viet Nam and Cambodia. Said Carter: "This represents a strategic challenge to the vital interests of the West, and the industrial democracies must face it together." He warned the allies against being tempted "into a false belief that somehow America or Europe can be an island of détente while aggression is carried out elsewhere." Pertini responded by urging the other nations of Western Europe to unite and "put aside our egoism and individual interests."

ARTHUR GRACE

The President pays his respects to Italy's Unknown Soldier

"Our alliance is based on listening to each other's voices."

On Saturday the Baptist President flew by Marine helicopter to call on Pope John Paul II at the Vatican. After being greeted by tail-coated officials flanked by Swiss Guards in their strikingly colorful uniforms, Carter talked privately with the Pontiff in his study for more than an hour. After the session, Carter declared that they had reviewed such mutual "unfinished tasks" as the problems of "those suffering from hunger, from poverty and disease." The President thanked the Pontiff for his efforts to free the U.S. hostages in Iran.

That afternoon, the Carters arrived in Venice under extremely tight security. Three weeks earlier, Italy's dreaded terrorists had warned the summiteers: "We of the Red Brigades are waiting for you." Accordingly, Venice seemed to be under siege. *Bersaglieri* (crack army marksmen) lined the runways of Marco Polo Airport. Flak-jacketed soldiers and *carabinieri* surrounded the hotels that housed the visiting heads of state, including the luxurious Hotel Cipriani, where the Carters stayed in a three-room suite. Nearby canals were closed to gondolas, and frogmen periodically searched the murky waters for mines and bombs. Plainclothesmen, including the U.S. Secret Service,

mingled with tourists. For security reasons the Carters' hostess, Danielle Gardner, wife of U.S. Ambassador Richard Gardner, was forbidden to take Rosalynn and Amy to many landmarks, including Murano island, which is headquarters for the city's famed glassblowers. But Rosalynn and Amy were scheduled to visit St. Mark's Square and the Doges' Palace.

It was in the baroque library of the 17th century former Benedictine monastery on San Giorgio Maggiore island, a few minutes across the lagoon by launch from the Hotel Cipriani, that Carter finally had to confront the collective misgivings of America's allies: the leaders of Britain, Canada, France, Italy and West Germany and a delegation representing the caretaker government of Japan. On the official agenda were perennial economic woes, including recession, inflation and rising oil costs. But the most troublesome differences were on an unofficial agenda of international politics, complicated by personal chemistry: French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing feels ill-concealed disdain for Carter, while West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt can barely contain his irritation at what he privately describes as Carter's bungling in foreign affairs. Even British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, normally a friend of the U.S., was not expected to ally herself automatically with Carter on the major political questions. Her views: "Everyone recognizes that Europe's future is closely tied up with that of the U.S." Then she added: "The moment the U.S. is ready once again to take a predominant and detailed role on what should happen in the future ... we'll do it as always in partnership."

No major decisions on international politics were expected at Venice. Observed a U.S. participant: "This summit is not designed to take action." But plenty of possibly acrimonious discussion was expected on the East-West tension that has arisen since the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. One point of potential discord was the U.S. worry that when Schmidt meets with Soviet Communist Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev in Moscow next week, he might accept a freeze on new medium-range nuclear missiles in Europe. NATO plans to install 572 medium-range nuclear missiles by 1983, while the Soviets have already deployed about 200 SS-20s targeted on Western Europe and are continuing to add them at a rate of about one a week. On the eve of the summit Carter sent Schmidt a harsh letter cautioning him against any freeze. Schmidt replied, in a letter described by aides as "dripping with irony and sarcasm," that he had no intention of making such a move. After both leaders arrived in Venice, they met for 90 min. in Carter's hotel suite. At the end of their talk, the President said he had "absolutely no doubt" that the West Germans will carry out their agreement on the missiles. Added Schmidt: "I never thought that we did not agree in substance."

Italy's Pertini, aided by an interpreter, chats with the Carters in Rome's Quirinale Palace

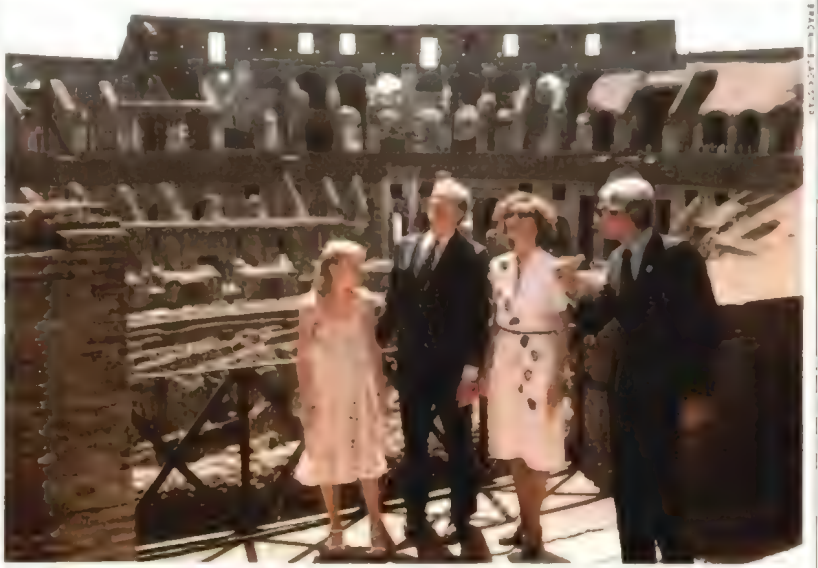
At the summit, Carter was to urge the allies to give more support to the U.S. ban on sales of grain and high technology to the Soviet Union until Moscow withdraws its troops from Afghanistan. The European allies, which only a week earlier renewed their appeal for a "neutral and nonaligned" Afghanistan, have been unwilling to do much that might jeopardize their trade with the Soviets.

Further friction was possible over the Middle East peace talks. The Europeans regard Carter as paralyzed on this issue for fear of alienating American Jewish voters. The allied leaders thus were in no mood to listen to criticism from him for their joint statement urging that the Palestine Liberation Organization be "associated" with any peace settlement. Said a Bonn aide on the eve of the summit: "If he starts finger wagging, we will blast back. We will tell him he had better get moving himself on the Middle East."

On Iran, Carter seemed willing to bow to European pleas for restraint; even Thatcher's Foreign Minister, Lord Carrington, has been telling him that economic sanctions will do nothing to free the hostages and may help push Tehran into the Soviet orbit. But there was a chance that Carter might still call for a general condemnation by the summit participants of terrorist acts

Predicted a French official: "Venice will not be remembered as one of the great summits." But the value of such meetings lies in part in the opportunity for Western leaders to air, in Carter's words, "delicate shades of difference." By this most modest standard, Venice could only succeed, even when some of the shades become less than delicate

—By Frank B. Merrick. Reported by Christopher Ogden and Wilton Wynn/Rome



The First Family is shown the Colosseum by John D'Arms, head of Rome's American Academy

"The U.S. Is No Longer No. 1"

Europeans take a bleak new view of their chief ally

Underlying the current tensions between the U.S. and its principal allies is one essential fact that many Americans have difficulty either believing or accepting. This fact is that the world's perception of the U.S.—and particularly Europe's perception—has changed substantially in the past few years. Among Americans, it is still commonplace to regard the U.S. as the world's foremost power, economically, militarily and in almost every other way. Among Western Europeans, however, the view is quite different. As the highly respected French political scientist Raymond Aron sums it up, "The U.S. is no longer No. 1."

Aron's position in Paris—a pro-Western, tradition-minded professor at the Sorbonne and former columnist for the conservative *Le Figaro*—is significant. This changed view of the U.S. is not the crude anti-Americanism of the postwar years, when walls were defaced with scrawled outcries of YANKEE GO HOME! and leftist crowds repeatedly rioted against the all-powerful U.S. It is instead the increasingly widespread belief, even among many of America's traditional friends, that U.S. strength has declined so much that Washington can no longer be relied upon as the leader of the Western alliance. Says Christoph Bertram, director of London's International Institute for Strategic Studies: "In the past the U.S. has been the undisputed leader, but the U.S. that emerged from the 1970s was no longer always willing to provide this leadership, and even when she tried, she was no longer able to command the respect of her allies."

The original basis of U.S. power in Europe was military power, the strength to hold back a threatening Soviet army that was poised at the Elbe. Until recently, indeed, the chief European anxiety about the U.S. was that Washington might act rashly and blunder into an East-West crisis. Today the worry is that the U.S. has neither the military strength nor the will to keep its commitments in Europe.

Experts may disagree on whether the U.S. still has that strength, but the statistics are not cheering. Against the Warsaw Pact's 1,140,000 troops, NATO has 975,000, of whom 300,000 are American; against the East's 20,000 tanks, the West has 7,000, of which 2,000 are American. Efforts to remedy these Western deficits have appeared indecisive: the on-again-off-again neutron bomb, the debate over the stationing of middle-range missiles in Western Europe. Some Washington officials accuse the Europeans of timidity, but Europeans are more inclined to see their caution as a prudent response to the changing balance of power. Says France's Aron: "When Jimmy Carter says the U.S. is the world's greatest military power, nobody believes him because it is not true." West Germany's Chancellor Helmut Schmidt has told aides, "If the Americans want to be convincing, they better reinstitute the draft."

Washington similarly blames the Europeans for not giving stronger support on Iran, but many Europeans regard the botched raid on Tehran as symbolic of U.S. decline. Says Jean-François Revel, editor of *L'Express* and long an admirer of the U.S.: "We Europeans, along with the rest of the world, heard the bell of U.S. military supremacy toll in Iran."

DAVID SUTER

The second basis of U.S. power in Europe was America's overwhelming wealth, but last year the nine nations of the European Community surpassed the U.S. in their combined gross national product ($2,380 billion *vs.* $2,349 billion). The standard of living in parts of Europe is now at least as high as that of the U.S. The Paris subway gleams, new cars crowd the superhighways, and luxurious glass condominiums sprout from the North Sea to the Aegean. Part of this wealth is spent on U.S. goods —Parisians wear Levi's and eat at McDonald's, and West Germans flock to New York City to buy cheap clothing from the surly natives—but the Europeans also know that their products, their cars and their computers are infiltrating markets that were once American.

The key point is not that Europeans may be richer than Americans but that they are reluctant to follow what they regard as a faltering U.S. leadership. Instead, they are impressed by the U.S. unwillingness or inability to curb its wasteful energy consumption and to defend its shrinking currency. "The Americans view the future with less hope than at any time since World War II, and they have every reason for their skepticism," says Dieter Buhl, who writes on U.S. affairs for Hamburg's influential *Die Zeit*. "Galloping inflation and record interest rates undermine their standard of living, which has been stagnating for years." Should West Germany be more independent of the U.S.? asked one poll. Yes, said 49% about the nation that once fed and still defends them.

What form should this greater independence take? Europeans tend to emphasize that they have many interests different from the U.S.'s, and they want to pursue these interests. Western Europeans are far more dependent on international trade, particularly trade with the Eastern bloc, a hefty $15.8 billion in 1978. If that makes them reluctant to embargo exports to Moscow because of events in far-off Afghanistan, the Europeans see that as not a betrayal of the Western alliance but simply a matter of self-interest. And if the U.S. demands tough action against Iran because of the hostages, the Europeans see nothing cynical about reminding Washington that Iranian oil helps to fuel Europe. Enlightened self-interest may seem reasonable, but it has a cutting edge. Asks one prominent French academician: "Would the U.S. have imposed sanctions against Iran if European diplomats had been seized?"

All the Europeans' doubts about U.S. military and economic strength have been magnified by their distrust of Jimmy Carter. In varying degrees they regard him as weak, indecisive, ineffectual, changeable, obsessed with his own reelection campaign and thus thoroughly unreliable. Among the instances most often cited: the alternating threats and retreats on Iran, the uproar over the Soviet combat brigade in Cuba, the renunciation of a U.N. vote on Israel. In all these changes of direction, the Europeans complain, Washington has failed to inform the allies of what was happening. West Germany's Schmidt recalls that he has repeatedly sought to find out Washington's plans only to "read about it in the newspapers." Says one

high-level British policymaker: "Consultation by the Americans with their European allies has been at its lowest ebb since Suez." Another British expert cites the desultory 20-minute meeting that Carter granted to British Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington on his last visit to Washington, "sandwiched between a group of Arkansas mothers and the Nicaraguan Ambassador."

The prospect of change in November is scarcely reassuring, however. Indeed, the fact that the race has narrowed down to Carter and Ronald Reagan raises new European concerns about the U.S. leadership. "When these are the choices offered in a nation of 200 million, you know that something is seriously wrong," says one strongly pro-American senior diplomat in Bonn. "What's even worse, we can do nothing about it."

Many of these European criticisms are unfair or exaggerated, or both. They are often derived from stereotypes and prejudices. Just as Europeans have been fascinated with America ever since the days of Tocqueville and Mrs. Trollope, so they have long enjoyed jeering and scolding. But whether the European criticisms are right or wrong—and most Americans would judge them essentially wrong (*see* ESSAY)—the changed European perception is an international fact of life, one that is already altering European policies and will alter them still more in years to come.

The Europeans' desire for independence in the pursuit of their own interests is not in itself catastrophic. Neither, certainly, is the desire for greater consultations on both sides of the Atlantic. But the fragmentation of the alliance does contain the danger of the process now known by the cliché Finlandization, a process in which the shell of economic prosperity disguises an increasing inability to resist Soviet pressures.

The more prescient Europeans are fully aware of that danger. Britain's former Prime Minister Edward Heath called last week for "a more effective military, economic and diplomatic division of labor" between Europe and the U.S. Said Heath: "If the allies fail to rise to the challenge, the result will be to push the U.S. toward isolation and the Europeans toward accommodation with the Soviet Union."

Accommodation is an enigmatic term. Despite Afghanistan and the current argument over medium-range missiles, most Europeans genuinely want East-West détente, not a revival of the cold war. To this end, they will understandably pursue trade, cultural exchanges and diplomatic dialogues. But to the extent that accommodation means a series of small settlements on Soviet terms, the Europeans acquire a new kind of uneasiness. "Which is better?" asks Hamburg Publisher Gerd Bucerius. "To be allied with a mistake-prone America or to find oneself confronted by the Soviets without any alliance." To Bucerius, and he is far from alone, the question answers itself. ■

"No Self-Tormenting Thoughts"

Despite the talk of crisis in relations between the U.S. and Europe, German Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher takes an optimistic view of the situation. He has held his office for six years and is head of the small but important Free Democratic Party. It is the coalition partner of Chancellor Helmut Schmidt's Social Democrats. Genscher will accompany Schmidt to Moscow on June 30 for talks with Leonid Brezhnev. In an interview with TIME *Correspondent B. William Mader, Genscher outlined the German view:*

Foreign Minister Genscher stresses a point

On the troubled state of relations between the U.S. and its allies: We in the alliance have no reason to indulge in self-tormenting thoughts or in meekness. On the contrary, we must uphold with self-confidence, courage and decision our joint goals and ideals. Our alliance is not an interchangeable military alliance in the old style. It rests on an identity of values and interests.

We must retain our perspective of what we jointly want and what we have jointly achieved. Our alliance is a living organism: it has time and again proved its vitality through its ability to adapt to changed conditions. After Europe's economic recovery it will increasingly become a political factor as well. This means no weakening but a strengthening of the alliance owing to European unification.

On the European Community's declaration about the Middle East: It is the joint aim for us and for the U.S. to work toward a permanent and just and comprehensive peace in the Middle East. The Europeans are attempting to work toward this joint goal.

Regarding American complaints that West Germany recently has been a reluctant ally: If there were any such complaints, they were totally unfounded and untenable. We in Europe bear the brunt of Western defense. From the very beginning, we have helped to initiate and to bear responsibility for all important decisions taken by the alliance.

On speculation by some West Europeans that the U.S. is politically and militarily weaker than the Soviet Union: The efforts made by the U.S. to ensure equilibrium are considerable. Nobody knows that better than the Europeans. The decision on medium-range missile systems underlines our joint resolve not to accept Soviet superiority.

Anticipating his trip, with Chancellor Schmidt, to Moscow for discussions with Leonid Brezhnev and other Soviet leaders: Particularly under the impact of heightened international tension, there is a need for the dialogue between East and West. It is important in these times to underscore the firm position of the Federal Republic of Germany in the Western alliance. We think it necessary that the Soviet Union should at last declare its readiness to enter without prior conditions into negotiations on medium-range systems, and that possibility should be sought for disarmament and arms control in other sectors. We, the West, want equilibrium at the lowest possible level of armaments. But we shall not hesitate to secure equilibrium by our own efforts if it cannot be achieved through disarmament.

Regarding concerns by some observers of international affairs that West Germany has begun moving toward a position between the two superpowers: We are part of the West. We share the ideals of the Western democracies. Our place lies therefore by the side of the U.S. and not between the U.S. and the Soviet Union. Precisely because we Germans live in a divided country at the meeting point between the two military alliances, we appreciate the indispensable value of the Atlantic alliance.

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

The Meaning of the Cordovans

When President Lyndon Johnson once showed up for some morning ceremonial duties in a gray suit and brown shoes, the people traveling with him were immediately alert for a change in the day's doings. Johnson was fastidious about the trappings of office, and even the slight dissonance of brown and gray hinted a new mood or schedule.

Sure enough, L.B.J. jetted off secretly to Viet Nam and a conference with his field commanders. While in flight he changed his gray suit to a rancher's outfit of twill so that he would look more like a soldier when he reviewed the troops at Cam Ranh Bay. When the Commander in Chief left the plane he was a harmony in brown.

No such detailed analysis can be applied to Jimmy Carter. He came in his glistening Marine helicopter through a clear and soft Rome night last week to start his new European adventure, settling in the shadows of the Quirinale Palace, which sits atop the highest of the Eternal City's seven hills, a panorama of enduring dignity and beauty.

Jimmy Carter had on a dark blue suit and cordovan shoes. No secret mission was planned, other than a jog in the Quirinale Gardens, for which Carter used sneakers. Cordovan with blue is just a part of Carter, a man still vaguely indifferent to, or perhaps even contemptuous of, the color codes of Old World diplomacy, an encrusted ritual built of the minutiae of centuries.

UPI

Johnson visits troops at Cam Ranh Bay

After nearly 3½ years of exercising immense power, Jimmy Carter remains resolutely rooted, in his cordovan wing tips, in Plains, Ga. But the rest of him is not so easy to figure out these days. He has left the U.S. weaker politically, more diminished in international respect, than any President in the 35 years since the end of World War II. Though the centerpiece of this mission is the summit in Venice, the real meaning is a search for some kind of cohesion in the frayed alliance. In personal terms it could be the final test of Carter as a world leader. Can he inject the tired veins of the democracies with a modicum of courage and purpose? Maybe.

Oddly, as the charts on his standing with both Americans and Europeans continue downward, Carter's grasp of his job seems improved in some respects. He is more angry now—at Soviet belligerence, at allied timidity. The narrowness of other nations' interests and the duplicity of their leaders are no longer smothered in Carter's determined Christian grace.

He is tougher and more wary. That is why the joint statement issued in Rome went straight to the problems of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, the American hostages in Iran and the Middle East peace negotiations. That is why Carter fired off his letter to West Germany's Helmut Schmidt to make sure of German support for new nuclear missiles in Europe.

Carter has recast his Administration in significant respects. The White House staff is broader-gauged, and at last Carter's confidant and principal aide, Hamilton Jordan, is out of policy and into politics, where he should have been from the beginning. Carter's new Secretary of State, Ed Muskie, is streetwise and strong, reinforcing the President wherever necessary.

There is the sense about Carter's leadership of something better coming together, though painfully and long overdue. But public perceptions of such changes always lag behind reality. Carter still seems reluctant to put his new attitudes together into a sweeping view of the world and of what the free nations should do about the shifts in power.

He has his chance this week. The extent to which he is successful may determine if he gets another term. Watching Jimmy Carter in the Roman Colosseum—eyes distant, mind centuries back—one could only hope that the lessons of both grandeur and disintegration spread at his feet would inspire the President. He was still in his cordovans as he walked through the Forum the day before he went to Venice. But there were some things different about him.

Make-Believe

Why Washington doesn't work

The bigger the government, the more it governs, right? Wrong, snorts Charles Peters, the irrepressible, iconoclastic editor of the *Washington Monthly*, who has written a sprightly, salty assault on practically everybody in the nation's capital, *How Washington Really Works* (Addison-Wesley; 146 pages; $10.95). The secret is that Washington does not really work, says Peters; it just appears to in a great game of make-believe. Claims Peters: "In Washington, bureaucrats confer, the President proclaims and the Congress legislates, but the impact on reality is negligible, if evident at all."

Officials in Washington, asserts Peters, are mainly concerned with their own survival and advancement. To that end, they all plug into "survival networks," exchanging favors to ensure that they will stay in power no matter what work they do or fail to do. Usually nothing so crass as a *quid pro quo* is involved, much less outright bribery, just an atmosphere of mutual back-scratching.

Writes Peters: "Memoranda and meetings are where the survival and make-believe principles merge. Bureaucrats write memoranda both because they appear to be busy when they are writing, and because the memos, once written, immediately become proof that they were busy." Besides, if they actually did their jobs and, say, abolished poverty, they might then be out of a job. Bureaucrats show amazing energy, however, when it comes to protecting their turf against budget cutters. If ordered to trim, they invariably slash essential services so that howls of protest will force the cuts to be restored.

Congress could shake up the bureaucracy, says Peters, but it has too much of a stake in the status quo. "The more bureaucrats do wrong to the public," writes Peters, "the more favors Congressmen can do for their constituents as they right the wrongs—or as they appear to try to right them." They may not actually help, but they can always denounce the offending bureaucrat on the floor of Congress and then send a copy of their remarks to their constituents.

Peters proposes an astonishing cure: he urges a revival of that old ogre, the patronage system. He would make the bureaucracy more accountable by letting the President appoint fully half of the 2.9 million federal employees. There is no reason why political appointees cannot be as qualified as any others, argues Peters, and they would want to produce in order to help the President get re-elected. Such a change would "allow the President to move the machinery of Government," and enable him "to rebuild the political parties as bulwarks against the threat of single-issue politics." Now all Peters has to do is persuade Washington—anybody in Washington—to go along. ■

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An Interview with Reagan

"The people want the Government off their backs"

Tanned and fit, Ronald Reagan quietly prepared for the campaign to come last week by meeting with his staff, consulting Republican members of Congress, and appearing at events to raise money to pay the campaign debts of the foes he had defeated. As always, he projected an air of casual, almost bland self-assurance, and with reason: the latest polls showed that he had edged past Jimmy Carter. For two hours, Reagan met with Time Inc.'s editors and outlined the views on domestic and foreign issues that he firmly believes will carry him to the White House. Excerpts:

Q. Governor, how justified are the complaints that the Europeans are making against us these days?

A. Well, I think we have been very insensitive about the actions we have taken concerning them. I think there should be a far closer relationship between us. I think there is every indication that some of our European friends are beginning to wonder if they shouldn't look more toward—or have a rapprochement with —the Soviet Union, because they are not sure whether we are dependable or not.

Q. How would a Reagan Administration convince them that this is not the case?

A. I think the Reagan Administration, first of all, would do it by action, by consulting with them, making it evident to them that we do value that alliance and want to preserve it.

Q. Do you think they should support us more firmly on such matters as sanctions against the Soviets over Afghanistan?

A. Had we handled the situation properly —yes. If we had worked out a grand strategy with them, if we had a plan instead of reacting to each incident, but we didn't. We turned to the Europeans and said, "Hey, you know, join us in something or other."

Q. Are you at all concerned about the dedication of the Europeans to Israel's integrity and security?

A. I question whether they have the same feeling that we have about that. I do believe it is a moral obligation. But it is a two-way street—we are receiving benefits too. It is not all altruism on our part. Israel represents the one stable democracy sharing values with us in that part of the world, and they have a proven military capability that stands as a deterrent to further disruption and chaos. I think we should make it plain that we are going to keep our commitment to the continued existence of Israel.

Q. Would you try to persuade Israel to stop settling on the West Bank?

A. Frankly, I don't know the answer to that. Under U.N. Resolution 242, the West Bank was supposed to be open to all, and then Jordan and Israel were to work out an agreement for the area.* Under those terms, I do not see how it is illegal for Israel to move in settlements.

Q. Governor, what course do you feel should be pursued on the hostages in Iran?

A. Unless you have access to all the options the President has, it is almost impossible to know what could be done now. I think that it has been mishandled. I think all the things the President has done over these long months were things that should have been done in the first few days. But some place along the line there had to be an ultimatum. Here again, because we have lost so much influence with friends and allies, we were not in a position to go to the rest of the world and say, look, this is a violation of international law, and present to them the idea of the world literally quarantining Iran.

Part of the lack of confidence in us is the seeming inability of this country to solve its very great economic problems. And there is the in-and-out diplomacy of this Administration, persuading West Germany's Helmut Schmidt to allow neutron warheads, which was a great and tough political decision for him, and then changing our minds. They need to see some consistency.

Q. In January, President Carter said that the Persian Gulf area was of vital interest to the U.S. Our military experts said we had no means of enforcing that definition other than perhaps by strategic warfare. Would you approve that kind of statement—extending our commitment beyond the limits perhaps of our ability to enforce it?

A. No, because that is where you lose credibility. Why did he make the statement on television about the unacceptability of the Soviet brigade in Cuba? And then later say it was acceptable?

Q. You would not have made that statement?

A. Not unless you had something you could do if the brigade remained.

Q. Should we have had something in mind that we would do?

A. Well, yes–yes. Now don't ask me specifics because, again, I don't know all the options that are available. But if we had a plan, if we knew where we could not allow the Soviet Union to advance aggressively, then you would have to have in mind something that you would do if they did advance. Let's take Afghanistan. I'm not trigger-happy. There have been four wars in my lifetime, and I believe the goal is world peace, but I believe the U.S. is the only nation that can preserve the peace. Can ensure it. And I think that the conduct of this Administration, with its vacillation and all, can accidentally escalate a problem into a conflict that we do not want. Of the four wars in my lifetime, none came about because the U.S. was too strong. So when they invaded Afghanistan, maybe that was the time for us to have said, "Look, don't talk to us about trade. There will be none. Don't talk to us about treaties, like SALT II. We are not going to have any communication with you until [those forces in Afghanistan] are back in the Soviet Union."

Q. Would you go to Madrid in 1980 to be part of the conference with the Soviet Union following up the Helsinki accords of 1975?

*U.N. Resolution 242 calls for Israeli withdrawal from occupied territories, which would include the West Bank. The question of settlements is not mentioned or implied

A. Frankly, I have an uneasy feeling that going to Madrid is negating what we thought we could accomplish by boycotting the Olympics. If the athletes can't go, why should the diplomats go?

Q. Speaking of places that are essential to us, do you see any way of preventing the nightmare of a native radical movement toppling the monarchy in Saudi Arabia?

A. My own feeling is that such a development is possible, if not probable.

Q. Is Saudi Arabia a place where we should draw the line?

A. Yes.

Q. How?

A. I do not think that the Soviet Union is ready for an outright confrontation with us or with our allies. We should follow a course of action that would lead them to believe that if they got overconfident and decided to go in there, they would be running into the possibility—the probability—of a confrontation with us. I question whether an uprising in Saudi Arabia would be totally free of Soviet influence. I think their hand would be in there stirring the pot and they would be ready to heed a call to bring order.

Q. Governor, if you're elected, what are the chances of your Secretary of State being Henry Kissinger?

A. Well, let me say that this is a subject I cannot get into at this point. I am going to do a little tentative thinking about that before I know whether I have the job or not, and I am going to follow pretty much the same course I followed when I was Governor—using a knowledgeable task force to explore the whole nation for potential appointees, and no one is ruled out. Whatever appointments I make, I want people who have to step down to take a job in Government. Whose achievements are such that it is a sacrifice for them to be part of Government. I think the trouble with this Administration is that for everybody they got in, it was a step up. They never had it so good.

Q. What do you think the Government ought to be doing about the recession?

A. I think the Federal Government has created this recession in its attempt to fight inflation by doing what the President swore up and down he would not do—by using unemployment as a tool. I think it is time to reduce Government spending, to eliminate waste and extravagance wherever you find it—and there's plenty of it—to review programs as to whether they are cost effective or not, and at the same time reduce tax rates in such a way as to increase productivity by increasing incentive. I think you also remove unnecessary thousands of regulations on business and industry that are holding productivity down.

Q. But what about Social Security, which has increases built in to keep up with inflation? Are you prepared to take it on?

A. Well, yes. But you are not going to lower the grant to the truly deserving men or women who have worked all their lives. But let's take the disability program under Social Security, for instance. Son of Sam, the murderer, is getting $300 a month because he is too mentally incapacitated to hold a job.

Q. A lot of people are arguing that Social Security ought to be re-indexed to keep retirement benefits from increasing faster than wages. What do you think about that?

A. I think it is something really worth looking into and so is the fact that Social Security is geared to the total cost of living index, which incorporates a great many things that are no longer problems for old people—real estate, for example. They are not buying homes as they once did.

"I'm not trigger happy. There have been four wars in my lifetime."

Q. It seems typical of each campaign that the man who has not been President has diagnosed something wrong with the spirit of this country. Do you perceive such a defect?

A. Well, the President said there was a malaise in the land—he said the people were sick. The people *are* sick and tired—of Government. And people want to be proud again. They do not like our country being pushed around. I think they want to believe that the Government believes in them. That they do not have to be wet-nursed by the Government. And they want Government off their backs. And I know—I've got a farm. I farmed at a time when I never heard from the Government. Now you get a 19-page questionnaire—same farm, but every year you're expected to answer how many acres are in crops, how many acres are in timberland or pasture. I just threw the damn thing in the wastebasket the last few years and I haven't gotten any follow-up at all. They've stopped sending the forms.

Q. Governor, I do not want to discourage you, but almost exactly four years ago, we had another farmer to lunch, and you would be astonished at the similarity in your comments.

A. Well, I know. Hell, I could have campaigned on the same things he campaigned on. The only difference was he forgot them between Plains and Washington. He's done virtually a 180° turnaround on almost everything he said he was going to do. Again, I just plead my record. In California, I kept trying to do the things I said I was going to. He had a record and, damn it, he was not a good Governor. Streamlining government, for example. He did not streamline government. He just bunched up a whole lot of departments under one title.

Q. Governor, do you have any confidence that you will be the first President in some time to break into the bureaucracy of the Federal Government?

A. I have no illusions about the difficulty, but yes, I do, and maybe this is one of the places where my age is an advantage. What the hell do I have to lose?

Q. How much is Southern pride going to help Carter this time?

A. I'm very hopeful I am going to dent the South. Ford got more white votes in the South than Carter, but Carter was more successful with the blacks, and that was the edge. I would like to feel that I could get more black votes. I think we have more to offer than this Administration has. In addition, I think that maybe we can get a bigger turnout of whites for our side, and that does not call for racism. I am cautiously optimistic.

Q. How do you view the candidacy of John Anderson? Do you think it's any kind of threat to the two-party system?

A. I do not think that it is healthy. If he were advocating some view that both parties were neglecting, then it could be healthy. But his campaign just smacks of an ego trip to me. And frankly, other than his 50¢ a gallon tax on gasoline, I'd like to know what the hell he represents. I don't see what it is that he's really after, or what it is that he's preaching.

Q. We had all expected that you were going to Europe this summer. We now hear that you probably are not going. Could we get that cleared up?

A. Yes. I think that right now there's a better use of my time than making the trip.

Q. Like what?

A. Like getting ready for a day coming up in November. ■

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The Long Shot Takes Aim

Despite problems, Anderson's campaign is starting to move

His smile is broader than ever, his manner even more self-assured. He has exchanged his familiar black-framed glasses for a thinner, more fashionable model. He is followed by a flock of aides and Secret Service agents, testifying to a presidential candidacy that is now taken seriously. The latest Gallup poll shows him with a respectable 23% of the vote, compared with Reagan's 36% and Carter's 35%. And last week John Anderson told a packed room at Sacred Heart University in Bridgeport, Conn.: "I'm enthused about this campaign like I've never been enthused about anything in my life. We're going to give you the most exciting election campaign we've ever had in this country."

That remains to be seen, since an independent candidate has never been elected President. But Anderson is making the kind of headway that at least gives him a long shot at winning. He is attracting volunteers in state after state who are busily collecting signatures to put him on the ballot and building the kind of organization he will need for the fall campaign. Money is coming in at the rate of about $300,000 a week; fund raisers have discovered that those who give once can be approached again—they contribute as much or more the second time. Expecting to raise about $12 million, Anderson may now get as much as $18 million, far less than the $29.4 million Carter and Reagan will receive in federal funds but enough to mount a respectable fight. Media Director David Garth plans to spend up to $9 million on advertising, including some TV spots that will present Anderson's confident mien to the public during the two party conventions. From almost any perspective, the campaign is building momentum; hardly anyone is sneering any longer at the stubborn Illinois Congressman's determined drive, and people in both parties clearly are plainly worried

Anderson, however, has hurdles to overcome before he can catch up with his two rivals. First he must get on the ballot in just about every state so that he will not lose any possible electoral votes in what is bound to be a close election. This means tough state-by-state slogging, since the states have different requirements. In order to circulate petitions in Florida, for example, an independent candidate must designate his Vice President. Anderson got around this when Milton Eisenhower, the late President's youngest brother, agreed to lend his name, though he will step down when the candidate selects his actual running mate.

Supervising Anderson's legal strategy is veteran Washington Attorney Mitchell Rogovin, who has served as chief counsel for the CIA and defended clients ranging from Common Cause to an owner of Manhattan's Studio 54. Rogovin has recruited a "flying squad" of attorneys from the nation's top law firms to battle for Anderson wherever they are needed. So far, Anderson has qualified in seven states with 82 electoral votes, and he expects to succeed in all the others that have filing deadlines still ahead. When he announced his candidacy on April 24, however, he had missed the deadlines in five states with 52 electoral votes: Kentucky, Maine, Maryland, New Mexico and Ohio. He has filed suit to get on the ballot in these states on the grounds that they discriminate against independent candidates.

Not only must Anderson contend with the vagaries of state election law, he must fight the growing efforts of the Democratic National Committee to keep him off the ballot. The battle line is drawn most clearly in Massachusetts, where the D.N.C. has hired a lawyer to help Democrat Mary A. Grennon, an antiabortion activist, challenge the Anderson nominating petition. The hearing before the state ballot commission this week will be crucial. "This is the point state," says Anderson's Massachusetts coordinator John Ames. "If we can hold the Democrats' feet to the fire here, they will have less desire to take this battle elsewhere."

Though Reagan supporters originally thought that Anderson would hurt Carter more than their man, they changed their minds at a recent strategy session. Anderson, they figured, could draw affluent Republican and independent votes that Reagan needs to win, and the latest polls have supported their fears. Even so, the Republicans do not plan to follow the Democratic lead and mount a drive to keep Anderson off the ballot. "The Democrats are making a martyr of Anderson," says a Reagan adviser. "We don't want to make that mistake." Indeed, a backlash of sorts has already occurred. Some two dozen Democratic and Republican members of Congress have formed a fair-play committee to oppose moves to keep Anderson off the ballot or out of presidential debates. This is the first time any elected officials have come to the aid of the maverick contender

So far, Anderson has benefited from voter dissatisfaction with the two major candidates, but he will eventually have to offer a positive program of his own, as he is aware. "I have to be more than just a lightning rod for protest," he says. "I want to project a vision of this country and what it can be." To date, he has singularly failed to do this, and his stands on the issues are fuzzily close to Carter's

The independent candidate speaking at a noontime rally in downtown Hartford, Conn.

"We're going to give you the most exciting election campaign we've ever had."

Trying to develop more distinctive positions, Anderson has put together ten task forces of experts, which include Democrats and Republicans. He meets on weekends with these groups and delights in contributing an assortment of facts that tumble from his retentive mind. But on the stump, the old debater still takes too long to get to the point and loses his audience as well as himself. Sample: "We want to put our country above the kind of partisan bickering and wrangling that has led to the obfuscation of recent years." On his better days, he simply says,

"We want to put country above party."

One electoral danger Anderson faces is sliding too far to the left, appealing to groups that may hurt him with the majority of voters. California Pollster Mervin Field thought Anderson had made a mistake this month when he was filmed advocating gay rights at a rally in San Francisco. Said Field: "All he needs is that kind of footage to be shown around the country just as people are poised to make a decision."

A figure identified with fashionable leftist causes was summarily jettisoned last week. General Motors Heir Stewart Mott, who has been raising money for Anderson, clashed with Garth. Mott fired off a five-page memo to Anderson including an attack on Garth: "He turns off good people; doesn't listen well; has a blind spot (total blockade) about anyone called liberal." On top of that, Mott offered Anderson some advice: "If you are weak in administering your key dozen staff people, how could you run the Government?" Anderson wrote a letter to the Federal Election Commission dissociating Mott from the campaign and sent his former fund raiser a copy. Said the rejected philanthropist: "For Anderson to go to the FEC is like going to a proctologist for tennis elbow. If you don't know your ass from your elbow, that's what you do."

Anderson is putting off one crucial decision until after the Democratic Convention in August: choosing a running mate. By then he may have advanced in the polls and would look strong enough to recruit a major figure. High on his list is New York Governor Hugh Carey, who has refused to endorse Carter for reelection and is showing signs of restlessness in the Democratic Party. Last week Anderson met with Carey, who did not commit himself to anything. But as a Northeastern Catholic liberal, he would attract labor support that so far is indifferent to Anderson.

That was painfully apparent last week in Pittsburgh, where Anderson made his first effort to reach out to blue-collar voters. Scheduled to have breakfast with 20 labor leaders, he sat stoically at the end of a long table while nobody showed up and a TV crew recorded his lonely vigil. After the cameramen left, one low-level Teamster official finally appeared.

Anderson lamely explained that labor was still with Ted Kennedy, but the rebuff was revealing and it hurt. The incident was one more illustration of poor staff work and a campaign that lacks seasoned professionals. Anderson has a refreshingly different political personality, which has won him the support of an articulate, prominent minority. But if he is to have any hope of winning in November, or even coming close, he will need to appeal to the kind of people who stayed away from his breakfast last week, and many more besides. —*By Edwin Warner. Reported by John Stacks/Washington*

Again the Sting of the Scam

Two Congressmen and a Mafia don are indicted

Thompson in his Washington office

Abscam and Brilab, those FBI "sting" operations that sound like computer-named detergents, last week produced more indictments and against the biggest names yet. The Abscam (short for Arab scam) investigation led a federal grand jury in Brooklyn to indict Democratic Congressmen Frank Thompson of New Jersey and John Murphy of New York on charges of bribery and conspiracy. Brilab (for bribery labor) resulted in a New Orleans grand jury naming Mafia Kingfish Carlos ("Little Man") Marcello on counts of racketeering, conspiracy and fraud. So far, Abscam has led to indictments of five Congressmen, all accused of accepting bribes from bogus Arab businessmen. The first three: Democrats Michael Myers and Raymond Lederer of Pennsylvania, and John Jenrette of South Carolina.

According to the latest charges, a New Jersey land developer named Joseph Silvestri introduced Thompson, 61, a 13-term Congressman and the influential chairman of the House Administration Committee, to Philadelphia Attorney Howard Criden. Thompson, accompanied by Criden, then allegedly met with two FBI agents posing as representatives of Arab businessmen and accepted $50,000 in return for promising to introduce private immigration bills in Congress. Thompson was said to have split the bribe with Silvestri and Criden, both of whom were also indicted last week, and then referred Criden to Murphy.

Mafia Kingfish Marcello

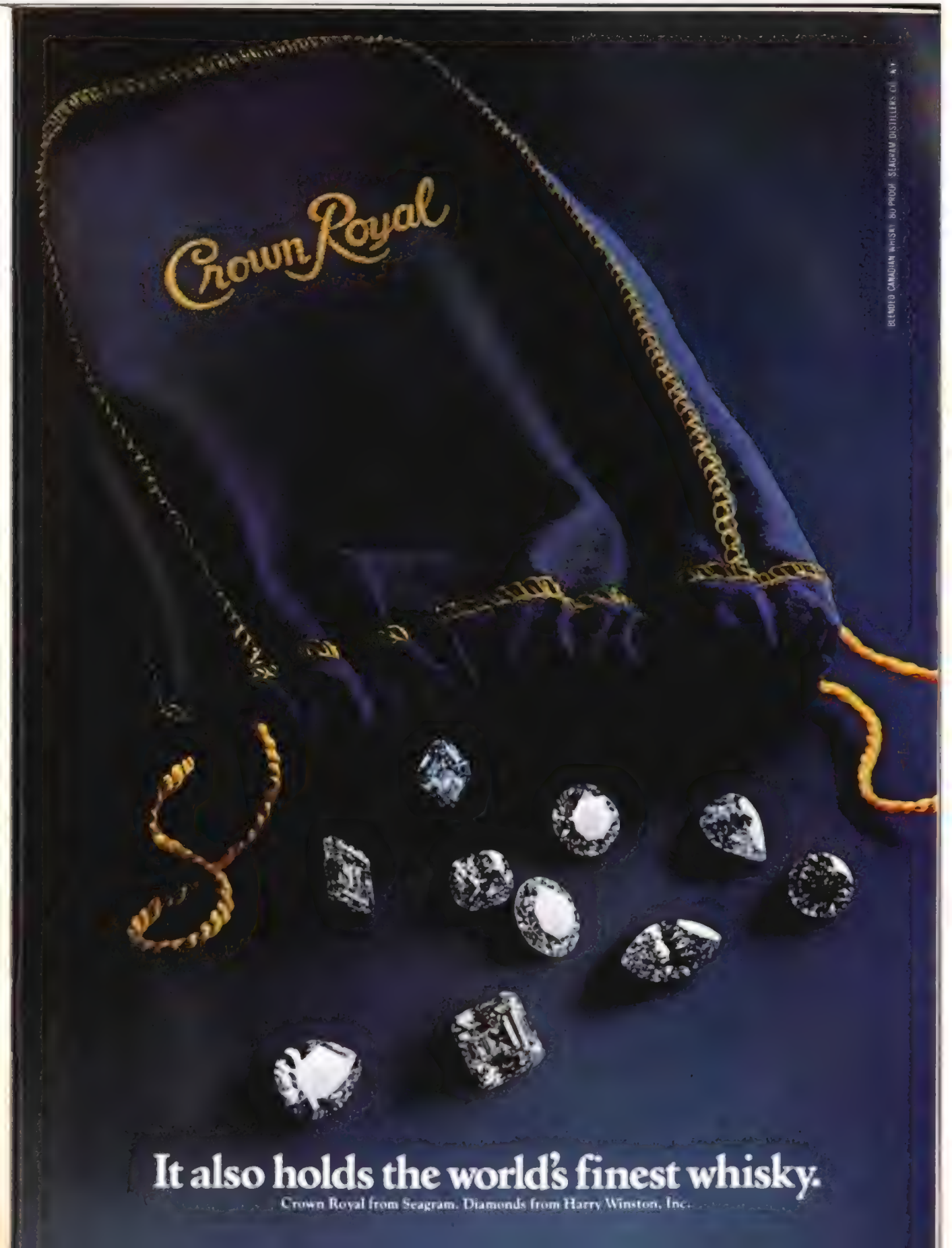
The New York Congressman allegedly received, in addition, $50,000 in cash in exchange for making a similar pledge of immigration help. Both Congressmen are charged with trying to push their pet projects on the agents. Thompson allegedly asked them to make investments in his district that would benefit him personally. Murphy supposedly tried to get the agents to invest in a shipping venture that he would aid as chairman of the House Merchant Marine Committee.

Thompson is also said to have introduced Democratic Congressman John Murtha of Pennsylvania to Criden, and the two then allegedly met with the FBI men. Though Murtha was named in the conspiracy charges, he was not indicted. He voluntarily testified before the grand jury—and may testify against his colleagues at their trials, though the Justice Department has not offered him immunity in return for his testimony.

Thompson and Murphy denied guilt, but under House Democratic caucus rules, both resigned their committee chairmanships pending the outcome of their trials. As part of the Abscam investigations, the federal grand jury in Brooklyn is now hearing evidence against New Jersey Democratic Senator Harrison Williams.

The Brilab operation, targeted against racketeering in the South and Southwest, led to the indictment of quite a different kind of figure. Long the reputed godfather of organized crime along the Gulf Coast, Carlos Marcello, 70, is suspected of running an empire whose illegal gambling operations alone reportedly grossed more than $500 million annually in the 1960s. Except for a six-month prison term in 1970 for slugging an FBI agent, Marcello has successfully dodged federal prosecution and deportation for decades. Today the Marcello domain includes hotels and motels, oil holdings, a produce company, and a 6,000-acre tract of land in suburban New Orleans worth an estimated $60 million.

Working on the case, the FBI bugged Marcello's offices and set up a dummy insurance company in Beverly Hills, Calif. Called Fidelity Financial Consultants, the "firm" was run by Joseph Hauser, a convicted insurance swindler who was cooperating with the FBI in hopes of gaining early parole. Hauser was introduced to Marcello by a Washing-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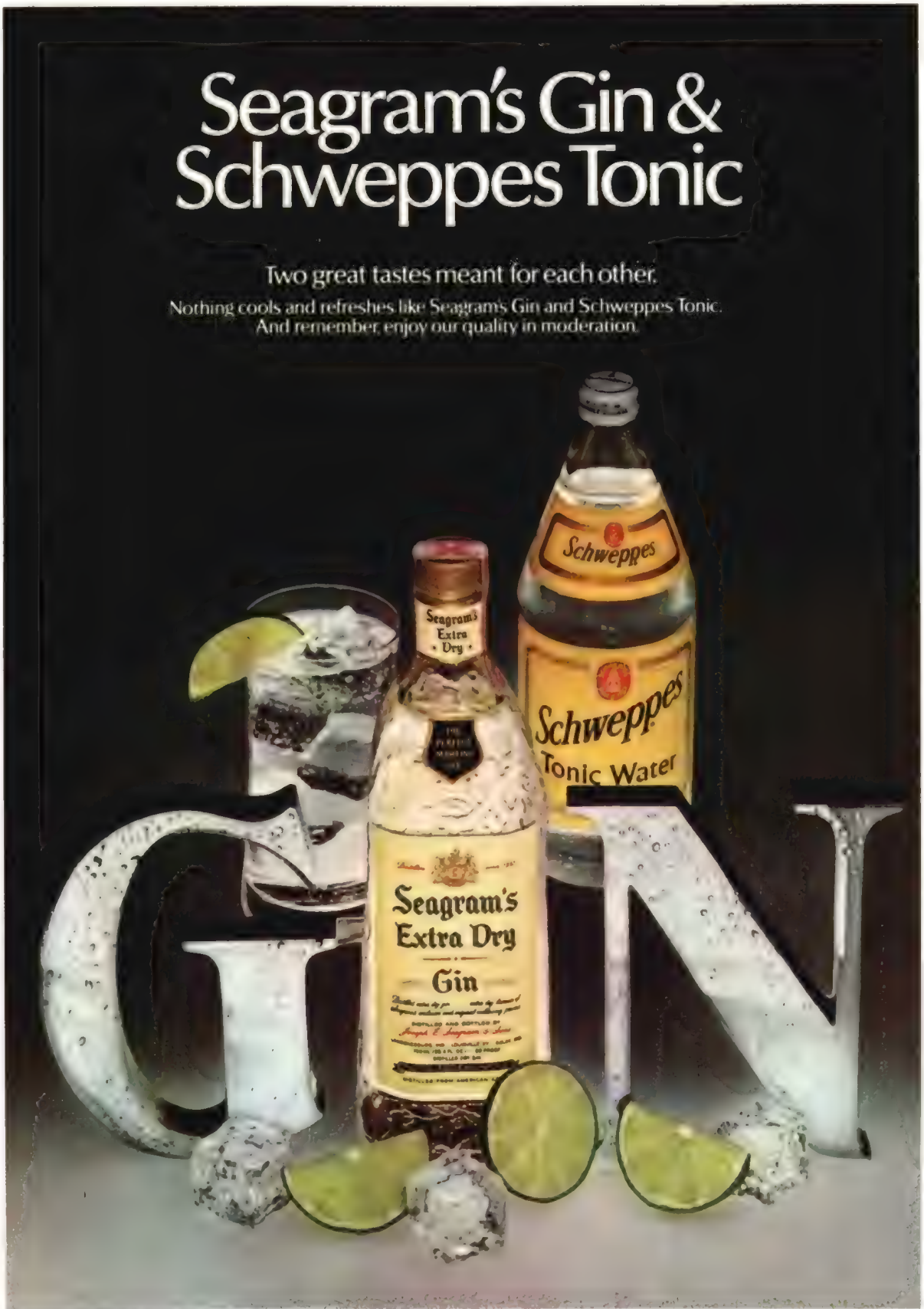

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ton lobbyist named I. Irving Davidson; the Mafia don allegedly agreed to try to bribe Louisiana officials to obtain insurance contracts for Fidelity and then split the commissions with Hauser and Davidson.

According to the indictment, Marcello then tried to bribe, among others, Charles Roemer, then Louisiana state commissioner of administration, to award the state employees' life insurance contract, worth $2 million, to Fidelity. Marcello also allegedly told Hauser that he had arranged a meeting with then Louisiana Lieutenant Governor James Fitzmorris to talk about contracts for the "city of New Orleans." A local attorney named Vincent Marinello later reported to Marcello that he had handed over $10,000 in cash to Fitzmorris. "I got two big shots," Marcello boasted to Davidson.

The twelve-count indictment names Davidson, Roemer and Marinello as well as Marcello; Fitzmorris was not indicted, though he is still under investigation. The former Lieutenant Governor admitted meeting with Marcello but denied discussing state contracts, and described their conversation as "frivolous."

Two weeks ago, Brilab produced its first indictments when a Houston grand jury accused Texas Speaker of the House Billy Clayton of accepting $5,000 from Hauser's operation in return for contracts. Clayton has denied the charge and says he will drop out of his re-election race only if found guilty. ■

Wipe Out

Protecting embassy secrets

When the Communists stormed the U.S. embassy in Saigon in 1975, they captured files and computers laden with secret material, including the names of informants in North Viet Nam. In 1979 the mobs of students who seized the U.S. embassy in Tehran found secret material presumably showing the intimate links between Washington and the Shah—there had not been time to destroy it.

At last, the National Security Agency is developing safeguards to make sure such accidents never happen again. Working with a private firm, NSA is designing a system of special minicomputers for U.S. embassies around the world. Standard computers would still store normal messages, but sensitive data would be fed into the new machines. Unlike the material in regular computers, this information—millions of words—could be erased in a matter of moments.

To give the operators time to act, the State Department has installed heavy steel doors that can be slid into place to block the stairways to the upper floors of embassies, where the code rooms are located. Another new security ploy: nozzles in the corridors that at the push of a button spew tear or nausea gas on invaders. ■

Demonstrators struggling with a guard in a corridor outside the courtroom

A Dare That Ignited a Slaughter

Klansmen and Nazis go on trial for murder in Greensboro

The trial was already under way when a score of chanting demonstrators approached the courtroom doors. Guards informed the protesters that no one else would be allowed inside. Suddenly, a pushing match began, and officers wrestled one of the marchers to the ground. "Tell me, man, you're going to keep me out!" screamed Paul Bermanzohn, sitting in a wheelchair. "You try to live with a bullet in your head!"

That angry cry came from a victim of one of the South's bloodiest clashes in years, a fight on Nov. 3, 1979, that pitted one extremist group against another and deeply disturbed the town of Greensboro, N.C. Bermanzohn is a member of a leftist group called the Communist Workers Party, which until late last year had been known as the Workers Viewpoint Organization. Though W.V.O. members had been trying to organize textile workers, most of whom are black, in and around Greensboro, the first stir of trouble came last July in China Grove, N.C., when two W.V.O. workers invaded a Klan rally and burned a Confederate flag. When the W.V.O. organized a "Death to the Klan" rally and dared their enemies to appear, their enemies did.

As the Klansmen and their supporters drove up to the site of the rally in a black neighborhood, black and white W.V.O. marchers beat on their cars with sticks. Who fired first remains unclear and a key issue at the trial, but when police had finally restored order, five W.V.O. members, four white and one black, lay dead or dying, and seven W.V.O. demonstrators and one Klansman had been wounded. Last week four Klansmen and two members of the neo-Nazi National Socialist Party, who also showed up for the rally, were placed on trial for murder.

Initially, some blacks had blamed the city's police for failing to be better prepared for trouble at the well-publicized rally, but a U.S. Justice Department study cleared the force of any laxity. Nevertheless, a city ordinance now prohibits firearms within 500 ft. of a parade, and more officers are regularly assigned to cover public demonstrations. "Police are going to be seen at practically every event in Greensboro," says Chief W.E. Swing. "Low visibility worked for a number of years, but Nov. 3 changed all that."

The harsh memory lingers. "People are embarrassed this happened here," says one member of the district attorney's office in Greensboro. Many now fear that the trial will further harm the city's reputation. Says James Wright, the city's human relations director: "We're concerned how this event will be used as a stage. Lots of eyes are on Greensboro."

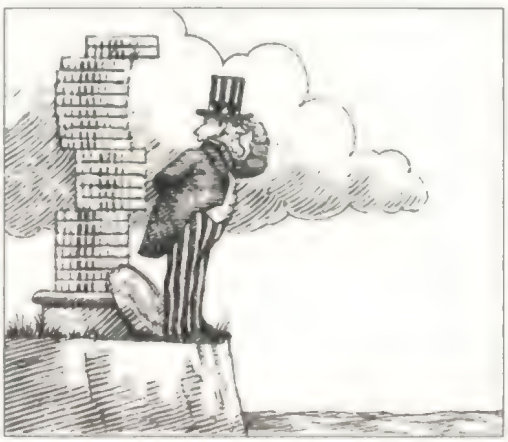
To ensure that the trial does not become a spectacle, Presiding Judge James Long ordered special security measures. Since the first day's fracas, however, no further violence has occurred at the trial, which last week was at the jury-selection stage. The trial is expected to last three months and involve more than 2,000 pieces of evidence. Jittery city officials considered canceling a lunchtime jazz concert scheduled outside the courthouse the day after the wrestling match in the hallway but finally decided to let it take place. And so, reassuringly, blacks and whites gathered in the warm sunshine of Greensboro to munch hot dogs and tap their toes to musical riffs just a few dozen yards from the site of a trial with bitter racial overtones. ■

Time Essay

The U.S. and Europe: Talking Back

Whatever unity, cosmetic or genuine, was produced in that mirage of a city, Venice, could not hide the reality of the deep fissure between the U.S. and Europe. The decline of American strength that so impresses and distresses the Europeans is undeniable (*see* NATION). This weakening—in economic thrust, military force and will power—constitutes a crisis in American history. Unquestionably it has been aggravated by the Carter Administration's devastating policy zigzags and frequent ineptness. But it must be said, between friends, that the Western European estimate of the American decline is surely exaggerated, and the reaction to it is misguided. The decline is being used to support a self-serving and self-defeating course. Indeed, the recent European attitude toward the Soviet Union has been so cautious as to verge on neutralism.

The backdrop to the conflict between the U.S. and Europe is an old skein of misapprehensions and reproaches, failed hopes and even disappointed loves that can only be compared to an ancient family quarrel: tediously familiar, yet ever fresh in its capacity to wound. On both sides of the Atlantic, one regularly hears the ritual incantations about a joint cultural heritage. Yet America is, at most, only partly European. Besides, kith and kin are apt to have harsher conflicts than total strangers. At the outset, America defined itself against Europe (a fact neatly reversed in Henry Kissinger's latter-day complaint that Europe seems to be able to unite only against America). The U.S. saw itself—and to a great extent still sees itself—as a new beginning in history. Liberal, enlightened Europe used to share that view. Goethe wrote:



America, you're better off
Than this old continent of ours.
You have no petrified ruins
And no broken towers . . .

That idealized view gave way to one of America as too rich, too powerful, too heedless of fate. Today Europe's complaint is that America is not rich enough, not powerful enough—and still too heedless of fate. These perceptions of America's early virtue and later vices, of its pre–Viet Nam power and its present weakness, share one quality: they are feverishly overblown.

America, in turn, could never quite get over the view of Europe as a seat of moral decay and corrupt sophistication. Looking at Europe in long historical perspective, Americans today certainly still see it as the creator of a glorious civilization. They also believe that, well into the 20th century, Europe was the creator of fanatical nationalisms and the builder of a colonial system from whose legacy we all still suffer. Many Americans point out bitterly that Europe plunged the world into two global wars, only to be rescued from their disastrous consequences by America. Looking at Europe's post-Afghanistan policies, some American critics would argue—unfairly, perhaps, but not absurdly—that Europe has moved from fanaticism to faintheartedness.

These polemics are revived today because many European commentators tirelessly stress Western Europe's superiority: its steadier and wiser leadership, its more successful economic and energy policies. Indeed, the combined G.N.P. of the European Economic Community is now slightly higher than America's, and in some places its living standard is comparable to that of the U.S. Despite emerging trade rivalries, such successes should be cheered in the U.S. But they must be examined sharply when they are used to justify decisions that weaken the Western alliance.

One underlying irritant is the presumption that the diversity of Europe is supposed to be understood in the U.S., and with it the ever shifting concept of Europe, which is sometimes all the nine countries of the Community, sometimes France, Germany and Britain, sometimes just France and Germany—and sometimes, in the Paris version, just France. The U.S., on the other hand, is a United States, its diversity and internal conflicts too easily ignored. The U.S. has coasts and horizons, dreams and duties only dimly perceived abroad. It must balance populations, cultures and values as varied as those of Europe, which, after all these centuries, still cannot quite cope with the conflict of Walloon *vs.* Fleming, Spaniard *vs.* Basque.

So it is a question of which "Europe" is compared with which America. When European critics ask why the U.S. is not ready for a draft, Americans must concede that European countries do have conscription. But one might well inquire about the quality and fighting spirit of their armies. Little Holland is obviously not a key part of NATO, and yet it is hardly irrelevant that its draft army seems more like a hippie encampment or a pacifist trade union than a military force. When it comes to will power, in a recent French public opinion poll, 58% said they would not support the use of France's nuclear deterrent if the country were about to be invaded, and 49% guessed that President Giscard would not push the nuclear button if the need arose.

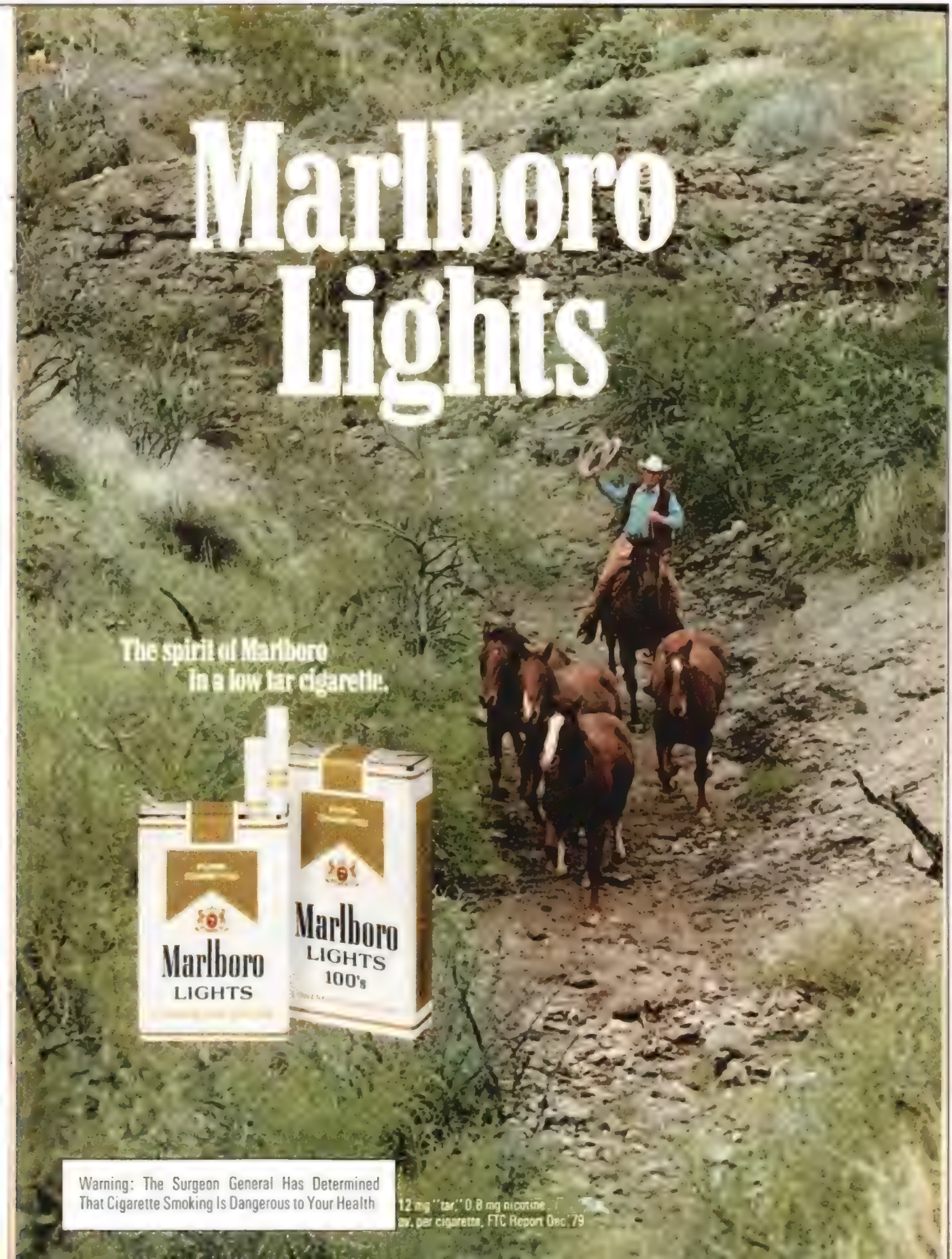
When critics point to American indecision and the dizzying multiplicity of U.S. pressure groups, what about the European left, which in every single country holds a significant veto power over policy? When they complain about profligacy in energy, fair enough—at least until the recent decline in U.S. energy consumption. Besides, Europe uses relatively less oil not merely because of self-discipline but because consumption patterns have long been different and because its industry is more starkly dependent than that of the U.S. on imports.

Superior political leadership? All honor to Thatcher, Schmidt and Giscard for their domestic achievements. Yet only a short time ago, even this impressive trio was justly regarded with alarm as heading unstable or minority governments. And what about some of their likely successors? Not to mention the less than formidable figures of only yesterday or the day before.

It would be easy to dismiss such recriminations on both sides of the Atlantic as pointless, except that in Europe at least they have clearly begun to shape public opinion—and policy. They are widely used to obscure one central fact: for all its economic achievements, Europe simply has not pulled its weight in the defense area. Of course that is the very reason why a relative decline in U.S. military power provokes such panic. But, given this fact, it is sheer delusion of grandeur for Europe to speak of having a really independent global foreign policy.

When the U.S. was clearly the world's predominant power,

Illustrations for TIME by Ches. B. Slackman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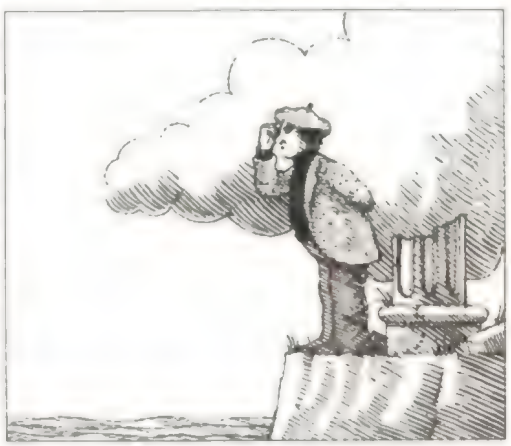
Europe was quite pleased to find shelter behind that power, concentrate on building its prosperity, and complain that the U.S. was overbearing and probably plotting condominium with the Soviets. Now that the power balance is no longer clear cut and the American nuclear shield no longer as protective, no one can blame Europe for trying to be realistic. But would it not be the better part of realism to seek, instead of accommodation and special deals with the Soviets, joint measures against them? That may be easily said on the American side of the Atlantic but not so easily on a continent shared with Soviet tanks. Europe, however, cannot have it both ways. If the U.S. is to be impressed by that smashing G.N.P., by that standard of living and by that brilliant leadership, then it has a right to expect more support and cooperation.

European commentators argue that the U.S. simply can no longer act alone. Thierry de Montbrial, head of France's most distinguished foreign policy think tank, said recently: "It's time for the U.S. to listen to us." But what are the Europeans saying, beyond no? They may be right in arguing, for example, that it is no use blustering about the crucial importance of the Persian Gulf if the U.S. lacks the ready practical means to defend it—although one can just hear the screams about U.S. passivity if Washington had *not* "blustered."

And if Europe accuses Washington of having no strategy toward the Soviets in the present crisis, what is Europe's strategy? Where are the practical suggestions or initiatives for joint action, other than the vague notion of a neutralized Afghanistan? Yes, the Germans are being helpful in shoring up Turkey; the French are always willing to send some paratroopers to trouble spots—and such actions should not be underestimated. On the other hand, the European Community's recent Middle East initiative only strengthened the Begin government's intransigence. It runs the risk, even in its toned-down version, of arousing unrealistic expectations in the P.L.O. of what Israel can be expected to concede and encourages the Arabs to play off the Americans against the Europeans. It is difficult to explain this initiative in any terms other than Europe's trying to assert an illusory independence and seeking good karma with the oil suppliers.



European reluctance about sanctions against Iran is defensible; they are clearly not only useless but downright dangerous. Not so economic sanctions against the Soviet Union, which could have had considerable impact. The same goes for the Olympic boycott; symbols do matter, especially to the Soviets. Americans understand why Europe seeks to avoid the economic costs and political risks of stronger measures, but such calculations are dangerously short-range. The widely heard European argument that one must not isolate the Russians is a half policy at best; where is the other half?

Margaret Thatcher took a refreshingly hard line against the Soviets, but was unable to do much in practice. Giscard d'Estaing journeyed with unseemly haste to a pointless meeting with Leonid Brezhnev. Helmut Schmidt is about to have his own meeting with Brezhnev, and an inevitable topic will be last year's NATO decision to deploy new theater nuclear weapons (American Pershings and cruise missiles) to counter the Soviets' SS-20 intermediate missiles now aimed at Western Europe. That decision was one of the few really strong Western European actions in recent years. Schmidt has suggested that both sides freeze deployment of these missiles to see whether a mutual reduction can be worked out. It is symptomatic of the current U.S.-European atmosphere that Washington saw a possible retreat in Schmidt's proposal, hence Jimmy Carter's letter to the Chancellor warning against such a move. This infuriated Schmidt and prompted his private meeting with Carter in Venice at which this particular conflict seems to have been patched up.

Washington may have been unduly suspicious about the missile issue. But on balance Western Europe's policy since Afghanistan has been based on conciliating the Soviets and, in many American eyes, has suggested appeasement. The ultimate question about this has nothing to do with what Europe owes America—that is not even worth talking about—but what it owes itself. The question is whether this policy is truly in Europe's own long-term interest. It is not.

There seems to be an unspoken assumption that the U.S. needs Europe more than Europe needs the U.S. After all, the argument goes, the U.S. cannot possibly allow the Soviets to absorb Western Europe's industrial base. Therefore the U.S. will do its utmost to prevent this, no matter what Europe does. In the meantime, just in case the U.S. should prove too weak in muscle or spirit, it is just as well to buy reinsurance by seeking accommodation with the Soviets. Hence the widespread talk in Europe about becoming a third force between the superpowers.

Basically the U.S. is *not* too weak to stand against the Soviets in Europe or elsewhere. On the other hand, the time, place and nature of such a stand are not preordained or automatic. European policy can influence what happens. If that policy continues in its present vein, U.S. opinion may well say: "To hell with them." American isolationism, long quiescent, might re-emerge; indeed, there are signs that it has begun to do so already. The assumption that the U.S. cannot let the Soviets absorb Western Europe's industrial base would be ignored or overridden, and America would turn to the north and south, and to Asia. European commentators have expressed fears that the U.S. might retreat into "Fortress America." This too is avoidable, but a more or less neutralist European policy could help bring it about. Moreover, Fortress America might just prove to be an excellent position from which to establish that condominium with the Soviets that the Europeans have so often feared. It is a mystery how Western Europe could expect to maintain its standard of living, let alone its liberties, in such a world.

Europe's true long-term self-interest lies in working with the U.S. to stand against the Soviet Union politically and militarily so that, eventually, détente can be put back on track. Europe can and should belabor Washington all it wants in private to bring about a better strategy and a smoother partnership, but the destruction of a joint public front is extremely dangerous. Europe and the U.S. of course blame each other for damaging that united front, and Washington must carry its share of responsibility. But the Europeans are strangely blind to their own blunders.

Europe must also accept the consequences of its prosperity and potential power by shouldering a greater share of the common defense, doing more to support NATO's crumbling southern flank, and playing a role in strategic areas beyond the NATO theater. That all this would require revived American strength, a military buildup, and better leadership is obvious. The U.S. has shown again and again that it has the resilience to recover from failures, though it often takes a while and the process is democratically muddled. "Americans," said Dean Acheson, "do at the end of the day what they don't like to do at noon." Present European attitudes and policies are not designed to help bring about an American resurgence. On the contrary: they can only help thrust America back upon itself and thus ultimately hurt Europe. If, through arrogance or fear or misjudgment, Europe's leaders were to count America out too soon, they would not be readily forgiven in the U.S.—nor, perhaps ultimately, in their own countries.

—By Henry Grunwald

Club-wielding South African black police carrying off a demonstrator outside a church in the black township of Soweto near Johannesburg

World

SOUTH AFRICA

Nights of Rage and Gunfire

Nonwhite townships erupt in a new upheaval with more than 40 dead

"The soil of our country is destined to be the scene of the fiercest fight and the sharpest battles to rid our continent of the last vestiges of white minority rule."

That defiant declaration by Nelson Mandela, the black political leader who has been imprisoned for the past 17 years, has become an underground credo in South Africa ever since it was smuggled out of the Robben Island prison. Last week Mandela's grim prophecy seemed to be coming true even sooner and more viciously than expected. In both black and "colored" (mixed-race) townships—first in Soweto and then in Elsies River near Cape Town—crowds of rioting youths clashed with police on three successive nights. Barrages of stone throwing were answered with baton charges, volleys of tear gas and gunfire. At least 40 people were shot dead by police, and hundreds more were injured. The spasm of riots and violence was the worst since the country's urban black rebellion of 1976. That upheaval, which remains seared in the consciousness of white and black alike, cost 618 lives; the South African government at the time laconically described it as a mere series of "disturbances."

The new outbreak came after increasing protest and turmoil in recent months. The government's promised reforms, ranging from a gradual phasing out of the hated passbook system to a plan for enabling blacks to buy their own homes, have either not materialized or largely failed. Organizers of the African National Congress, the outlawed black political movement, operate with increasing ease. Meanwhile, the colored population of 3 million, which once supported the country's 4.3 million whites in perpetuating the status quo, has become politicized and appears increasingly disposed to make common cause with the 20 million blacks. For the past two months, in every major urban area, colored protesters organized an almost total school boycott of the sort the blacks have repeatedly staged in the past.

Acts of sabotage have also been on the rise, starting with raids on isolated police stations last year and culminating in this month's nighttime bombings of three refineries in the country's strategic SASOL petroleum complex, causing $7.5 million in damage. The sense of bitterness has palpably intensified. Says a young black in Soweto: "No one is now pretending that our complaint is only against the teaching of Afrikaans in our schools, as it was in 1976. Our complaint is against the whole system."

Four years ago, the worst rioting was concentrated in Soweto, the huge black township outside Johannesburg, and in other black communities near the major cities. This time, Soweto seemed merely to be the fuse. The police were fearful that a new explosion might erupt on June 16, the anniversary of the 1976 riots—which has become a day for black mourning and political demonstrations—and the government banned all ceremonies. Inevitably, that action provoked blacks into acts of defiance. Buses were overturned, shops burned and cars stoned in the black townships. Seven thousand black workers went on strike in Port Elizabeth, shutting down ten companies, including a Volkswagen factory and a Ford plant. At Volkswagen, black leaders combined political protests with demands for an 80% increase in the minimum hourly wage, to $2.50.

At times the police seemed determined to intensify the violence in order to flush out the black political ringleaders, whom Prime Minister P.W. Botha branded "Communist agitators." The authorities even took the unusual step of banning all foreign journalists from the black townships, which were described as "operational zones." In areas where they were allowed to go, reporters sometimes found themselves the targets of bullying policemen.

When the burning fuse reached Cape Town, the sprawling colored suburb of Elsies River exploded. At sunset last Tuesday evening, reported TIME's Peter Hawthorne, a crowd of demonstrators came together in front of the Monaco Cinema to commemorate the 1976 uprising. Suddenly they were confronted by a large squad of white and colored riot police armed with rifles, shotguns and batons. The air was filled with the crash of breaking glass, the smell of burning tires and

tear gas, and finally the sound of shots.

Two days later the police were still clashing with gangs of youths who roamed the colored areas, hurling rocks at passing cars, breaking into stores, setting fire to schools and office buildings. To stop them, the police shot to kill.

"It was like living on the edge of a volcano," said Mrs. Fenjal Mohamed, a local housewife. "At night we stayed home and tried to ignore the sounds of shooting outside in the darkness. When daylight came, we went outside and wept when we saw the damage."

There were stray shots everywhere. A man collapsed in the street, his shoulder crippled by a bullet, and was nearly trampled by a gang of passing youths. His wife tried for three hours to get him to a hospital. A five-year-old boy ran into his parents' home crying that he had a terrible pain in his stomach. His mother discovered a gaping bullet wound there. A 17-month-old girl was killed by a shot in the head as she slept outside her family's shanty. As much as an hour passed before her parents discovered what had happened.

Estimates of the dead ranged between 40 and 60, but nobody knew for sure. Said a local editor: "We are appealing to the public to help us identify the dead. That's the only way we're going to find out the truth."

Police blamed the trouble on "skollies," or roughnecks. But few could doubt that underlying the rage in Cape Town was the cruel dilemma of the "in-betweeners," the plight of the coloreds, who are also imprisoned by apartheid. In their segregated ghetto, where whitewashed bungalows sit beside cardboard shacks, political avenues are closed to them; few have any sense of direction. Says Poet Adam Small, who lives near Elsies River: "People here are in limbo; they just don't care any more. Their children are bitter and ready for violence. Like the sand of the Cape flats, apartheid lies beneath it all." ■

Rioter felled by police at Elsies River

Answering stone throwing with gunfire.

Looking to a Precarious Future

The crackdown in Cape Town and Soweto was harsh even by South African standards. But the ruling white "tribe," the Afrikaners, has long been preoccupied with the problems of surviving at the tip of a hostile continent, and today it is more nervous than ever. The neighboring state of Rhodesia has become black-ruled Zimbabwe, and the South African–administered territory of Namibia (South West Africa) is in transition toward some form of black majority rule. Gerrit Viljoen, 53, who is both head of the Broederbond, *the powerful and secretive society of ranking Afrikanerdom, and Pretoria's administrator general for Namibia, talked with* TIME *Johannesburg Bureau Chief William McWhirter about the effect of these turbulent political changes on South Africa's future. Excerpts:*

SONDERLING—FINANCIAL MAIL

***Broederbond's* Gerrit Viljoen**

On Zimbabwe. South Africa has been pretty pragmatic about governments whose basic philosophy or even methodology it does not like, as in the case of Mozambique. That is true in Zimbabwe as well. The goal is to aim at the maximum possible cooperation, interchange, even interdependence, without getting involved with the differing political philosophies. There are some in South Africa who have been critical of even this approach—a diplomacy based on transport, food and energy. But I think the [goal of] interaction is generally accepted because South Africa obviously cannot exist in isolation.

On Zimbabwe's Prime Minister, former Guerrilla Leader Robert Mugabe. Whether Mugabe will succeed in taming his wilder horses and making true his first promises of reasonable policies toward whites and other systems will have a considerable influence on us. If he cannot control his more extreme collaborators, then obviously there will be serious problems. The extent to which he might associate himself with dissident movements trying to subvert the South African government, either from outside or inside, is going to be of very great importance. But it would obviously be unwise and foolish of South Africa to sponsor a subversive action against Mugabe. This [type of suggestion] is merely the sort of militant noise that Mugabe apparently believes would favorably affect his image.

On Namibia. For South Africa to maintain a presence in Namibia as long as we are tolerated is accepted here as being in our strategic, military and psychological interest. But I do not think South Africa would fight to remain in Namibia at all costs. If, through accepted democratic processes, Namibia should be put under a less friendly government, this would be against the interests of South Africa, but we would have to accept it.

On Namibia's guerrilla movement, the South West African Peoples Organization. SWAPO is different from Mugabe, even though one cannot really assess these things beforehand. [SWAPO President Sam] Nujoma has not got the intellectual equipment that Mugabe and his closer associates have. SWAPO and Nujoma, as far as one can judge, are more the clients of the Soviets than Mugabe ever was. I do not think a SWAPO victory would be in the best interests of Namibia. It would certainly create problems for South Africa. But I believe South Africa would still act wisely [and try to] work out a pragmatic policy of mutual coexistence with Namibia.

On South Africa's future. No arrangement introducing a black majority government over the whites will be accepted voluntarily or peacefully by the Afrikaners—not, at least, at the present stage of cultural differentiation between black and white in South Africa. If South African whites become frustrated in their efforts to ensure their own political security by means of fair and reasonable offers of accommodation to the other groups, it might give them little option except to ensure their political survival by more authoritarian means. But they would find it hard to live long with authoritarianism in light of the democratic tradition and spirit they possess, at least among themselves.

ISRAEL

Leaving the Land of Zion

In a disturbing exodus, Jews are emigrating in record numbers

For most Israelis it was a week of unrelieved bad news. The inflation rate rose to a peak of 133%. The coalition government of Prime Minister Menachem Begin threatened to fall apart again over disputed cuts in defense spending. Angry squatters completed a tent settlement in Jerusalem to protest the housing shortage. Most disturbing of all, however, was a revelation in a parliamentary debate: more citizens are leaving Israel than at any time since the country was founded 32 years ago, on the very principle of the Jews' return to the land of Zion.

According to the Knesset Immigration Committee, 2,000 Israelis are now emigrating each month, mostly to the U.S. About 25,000 are expected to leave this year, 10,000 more than in 1979. If the trend continues, more Jews soon will be departing from Israel than arriving from other countries. Already 400,000 Israeli Jews—one in nine—are living in the U.S.

This reverse current is abhorrent to most Israelis, who view it as a betrayal of the country's most sacred ideals. Particularly alarming is the fact that an increasing number of those who quit the country are from the core of its society: Sabras, or native-born Israelis, middle-class families and reserve army officers. Many Israelis compare these departures to craven draft dodging. Former Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin has even likened the emigration to desertion from the army. Other critics contend that those going to the U.S. are motivated by the most crass materialism. One comment in the Jerusalem *Post* last week was typical: "They want to be lulled into nirvana by the hum of a six-cylinder auto engine, the whir of a food processor and the strains of an expensive stereo. They want to come home from work and be pampered, to make a lot of money and stop caring."

Certainly many Jews are leaving because of the deteriorating Israeli economy. Triple-digit inflation, high taxes, scarce and expensive housing and unemployment have had a dispiriting effect on the young and ambitious. "Why should I stay?" asks a 20-year-old stationed at a military base in the Negev. "When I get out of here in another year, what do I have to look forward to? Will I be able to find an apartment? No. Can I get married? That's a bit unrealistic without a home. What job will pay me enough to live on?" Says Manny Ender, 33, a toy exporter from Tel Aviv: "Even if you drive a taxi in America, at least you make enough for an apartment, entertainment and a visit to Israel once a year or so."

As a result, many Israelis have apparently lost the incentive to work hard at home. An Israeli diplomat in New York City believes that material goals were not always so important to Israelis. "We used to have a simple formula: Israel would not exist without the Jews. This was our motivation and it made our country strong. But in Israel now, people work an eight-hour day and complain like hell. On the other hand, Israelis in the U.S. work for twelve, 14, even 16 hours a day without complaining. It's obvious we've failed somewhere along the line."

Some of the emigrants have been driven away by fear of a renewed war in the Middle East. Others have simply balked at the inconvenience of military preparedness. "It isn't a question of whether you love your country or not," says Avi Ruimi, 24, a physical education teacher from Jerusalem. "It's not the security situation that bothers Israelis. They've grown up with it. It's the 45 days a year of reserve duty that's hard to put up with. Serving in the reserves always interferes with something in your life."

On the other hand, the relaxation of tensions that followed the Israeli-Egyptian peace treaty has also created a paradox: it has reduced the patriotic imperative for men of fighting age to remain in Israel. Peace has carried an unexpected price. Says a sociologist: "Peace has played a negative role. Once the old dangers weren't there any more, people began to think there was no longer any reason to stay in Israel." ■

DAVID RUBINGER

Israelis queuing for American visas outside U.S. embassy in Tel Aviv

Cabbies and Millionaires

Of the 400,000 Israelis who have immigrated to the U.S., about 250,000 have settled in New York City. The chief of the urban design group in the administration of Mayor Ed Koch is Raquel Ramati, an Israeli who is also a U.S. citizen. Elias Yeheskel, 30, a dual citizen, is an adviser to the New York State office for motion picture and TV development. At New York University, when an Israeli professor and his ten graduate students, all Israelis, decided to conduct classes in Hebrew, a dean asked, "Is this Tel Aviv University or is it N.Y.U.?" When a senior Israeli politician sought a cab at Kennedy Airport recently, he encountered a score of Israeli drivers. Annoyed at seeing all those émigrés, he went down the line and found a Lebanese.

Israelis have no trouble finding jobs. They usually speak at least some English and often come with money to invest, accumulated from the sale of their homes, cars and other possessions back in Israel. The most recent arrivals are men in their 20s or early 30s, many of them professionals or skilled workers. Besides driving taxis, they are engaged in a host of businesses, most visibly clothing boutiques. Many are Israeli-trained doctors, scientists, engineers and teachers. The Israelis have their own weekly newspaper, *Our Israel*, published in New York (circ. 30,000 per week). They also have their own Sunday morning television show in the New York area, *Isravision*, and a three-hour daily radio program.

Energies thwarted in Israel often come bursting forth in the U.S. Yigal Mizrahi, 27, a former cabaret owner in Tel Aviv who went to New York in 1975, has opened an Israeli nightclub in New York called Peacock's Piano Bar. Customers dance the *hora* on its oversize dance floor. "I miss Israel," Mizrahi says. "That's why I started this club. I wanted to give Israelis in America some of the spirit of home." Another successful immigrant is Chaim Zitman, 34, who left Israel 13 years ago as a student, and has become a millionaire selling electronic equipment. Zitman is now a U.S. citizen, but like many emigrants he has also kept his Israeli passport. There are many more opportunities in America, he says. "But to give up my Israeli passport would be a psychological disaster, like pulling the roots out of my soul. I'm going back to Israel some day, but I don't know when."

Jordan's visiting King Hussein with Secretary of State Edmund Muskie in Washington

MIDDLE EAST

A King's Friendly Objections

Washington hears them, and tries to be conciliatory

Jordan's King Hussein came to Washington last week and was treated to a welcome that went well beyond the usual protocol. In the old days, when Hussein was regarded as America's best friend in the Arab world, he would visit the U.S. practically every year. Then came Camp David, Hussein's refusal to join the U.S.-sponsored peace negotiations, and a period of hurt feelings on both sides.

In prolonged tête-à-têtes at the White House and State Department, Hussein repeated his chief objections to Camp David. Palestinian self-determination and Israeli withdrawal from the occupied territories must be accepted goals from the start, he insisted. In the end, the sides agreed to disagree, and everybody went to great effort to be conciliatory. Said Jimmy Carter afterward: "We have not tried to change each other's mind."

The Administration did promise, however, to sell Jordan 100 advanced M-60 tanks, each costing $16 million. That plan will surely draw objections from Israel and its friends on Capitol Hill. But the Administration was anxious that the U.S. should resume its place as Jordan's principal arms supplier.

The Administration was also concerned over congressional resistance to a request by Saudi Arabia to purchase additional equipment for its 60 American-built F-15 fighter-bombers. With the new equipment, which includes extra fuel tanks, bomb racks and missiles, the planes would have both the range and ground-attack potential to pose a threat to Israel. For the moment, the Administration was keeping an open mind on the question, while noting that Saudi Arabia's security needs have increased with the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan.

Israel has always had more than its share of support in the U.S. Congress. Lately, however, it has been getting a measure of criticism, particularly over its policy of building new Jewish settlements on the occupied West Bank. Democratic Senator Adlai Stevenson of Illinois offered an amendment to an Israeli aid bill that would have withheld $150 million of the $785 million in economic grants to Israel until Jerusalem imposed a moratorium on new settlements. The measure was defeated 85 to 7. A day before, Senator Henry (Scoop) Jackson, the Washington Democrat who has long been one of Israel's best friends in Congress, told the Washington *Star* that Prime Minister Menachem Begin had lost some American support by "taking an intransigent position" on the settlements.

In Jerusalem, Begin was still clinging to power, though by a fairly narrow strand. During a nine-hour meeting of his Cabinet, he won approval for a $140 million cut in his defense budget of $3.6 billion. By so doing, he averted an all-out clash with, on the one hand, Finance Minister Yigael Hurvitz, who was pressing for a cut of $300 million, and on the other, with Chief of Staff Rafael Eitan, who said that any cut over $80 million could endanger Israel's security. Hurvitz's threatened resignation could have reduced the parliamentary majority of Begin's Likud coalition to just two votes. By week's end Hurvitz, deeply worried about Israel's roaring inflation rate of 133%, was insisting that the additional $160 million in cuts must be taken from other, non-defense items in the current budget. As for General Eitan, he announced an intriguing way to make $20 million: all permanent members of the army would "voluntarily" give up one day's pay per month for the next year. ■

INDIA

Tribal Terror

Bengalis are massacred

The jackal still wails in Tripura, but a hundred villages are silent. Ever since native tribesmen sacked scores of Bengali immigrant settlements in the northeastern Indian state a fortnight ago, the stench of dead bodies has filled the air. In the worst massacre, in the village of Mandai, the tribals first demanded money, then corralled the Bengalis in the village market. The horrified settlers were forced to watch while tribesmen armed with guns, spears and heavy scythes called *daos* put the torch to dwellings and butchered their occupants. "There was blood everywhere," says Haradhem Seal, 20, a Bengali barber whose entire family—parents, three brothers and three sisters—were murdered. "One man hacked at me with his *dao*. I collapsed, then several bodies fell on top of me. That was probably what saved me."

When Indian border forces arrived ten hours later, they found 350 bodies stacked in heaps along a narrow strip of road. It was one of the worst outbreaks of communal violence in a decade and another tragic demonstration of the strife that has long plagued India's northeast territories. The death toll from the massacres at Mandai and other villages is expected to reach at least 1,000.

Though their barbarity was shocking, the attacks had been foreshadowed. Originally, the indigenous tribes had welcomed the Bengali Hindus when they fled across the border from predominantly Muslim Bangladesh in 1971. But they soon clashed. The tribals traditionally farm the land for a few seasons, then move on. The Bengalis stake out an area and work it continuously. Thus with 1.3 million Bengalis in Tripura, there was simply no longer enough land to go around. Moreover, while the Bengalis acquired increasing political and economic power, the tribesmen, outnumbered 2 to 1, seethed with frustration at becoming a minority in their own state.

Even before the Tripura massacre, similar troubles had erupted in the neighboring state of Assam. The native Assamese, afraid they might be outvoted by Bengali immigrants, forced the cancellation of elections in January. By April, agitation for the expulsion of all "foreigners" intensified. The movement spread to Tripura, where Bengali settlers opposed a measure aimed at returning disputed farm lands to the tribes.

The violence in Tripura has driven 243,000 into refugee camps. Prime Minister Indira Gandhi's government is sending 5,000 tons of rice, but no one knows how to solve the basic problem of resettlement. Some Indians would like to try to ease the tensions by deporting immigrants who arrived after 1971. The cruel question: Where can they go? ■

EAST AFRICA

A Harvest of Despair

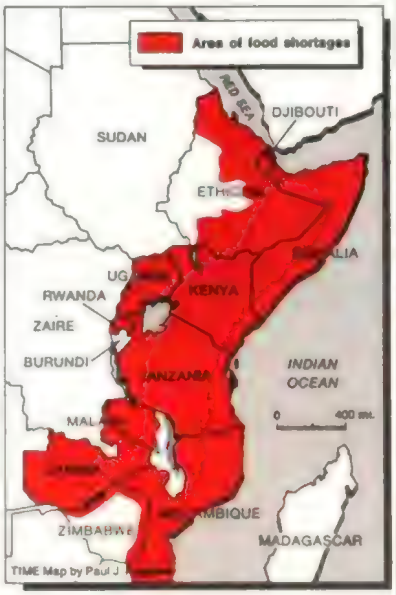
The world's hungriest continent reels under a new famine

After the famine that killed an estimated quarter of a million people in West Africa in the early '70s, the 36-member United Nations World Food Council vowed to create a world without hunger within a decade. Today that ambitious goal seems more distant than ever. Over the decade, Africa has become the world's hungriest continent. Food production has increased by about 1% a year, while its population has grown nearly three times as quickly, from an estimated 350 million to 470 million. Of the 29 countries classified by the U.N.'s Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO) as suffering from "abnormal food shortages"—a euphemism for widespread famine—23 are in Africa. West Africa still suffers from chronic drought, but the deadly hunger there has been brought under control with emergency food supplies from developed nations. But now famine has struck again, this time in East Africa. TIME Nairobi Bureau Chief Jack White reports:

From the sandy beaches on the Red Sea coast to the rolling hills of Zimbabwe, scenes of hunger and despair have become a terrible norm across a vast body of land encompassing parts of twelve countries and exceeding in size all of Western Europe. In northwestern Kenya, forlorn Turkana tribesmen trek for miles through the bush to Catholic missions in Kakuma and Lodwar, where emergency food is distributed. In the strife-torn Karamoja province of northeastern Uganda, relief workers wake every morning to find the corpses of malnourished children deposited on their doorsteps. In the Horn of Africa, more than 1.7 million refugees from the unresolved conflicts in Ethiopia's Eritrea, Tigre and Ogaden areas swelter in squalid relief camps, where thousands have already died from malnutrition and a host of hunger-related diseases.

The situation is not likely to improve in the near future. The FAO warns that "unfavorable crop conditions" now prevail in almost every nation in East Africa and that without massive infusions of outside aid, several million East Africans may starve; thousands are dying every day. Says Robert Kitchen, a United Nations official in Nairobi: "From the Red Sea south, this area is on a collision course with disaster."

The tragedy is in part the result of drought. For the past two years, the normally dependable rains that usually begin in March have arrived behind schedule—or not at all. This has disrupted planting from Somalia to Mozambique. In Kenya, a six-week delay in the rainy season contributed to a decline in milk production from 700,000 liters to 400,000 liters a day; milk, butter and baby formula virtually disappeared from the stores.



Human failings have been even more detrimental. In Kenya, says a U.N. expert, "90% of the trouble comes from bad marketing policies." Following a bumper crop of corn in 1978, the Kenya government overconfidently slashed prices paid to farmers by nearly 30% and sold more than 200,000 tons of grain on the export market. It also agreed to supply 8,000 tons of emergency food to Uganda, where the harvest had been destroyed during the chaos of Tanzania's war against Idi Amin. When last year's cereal crop fell short by 400,000 tons, largely because farmers stopped planting, the country cut off the shipments to Uganda after supplying only 80 tons, and was forced to buy heavily on international grain markets after accepting a U.S. donation of 60,000 tons. In Tanzania, the lack of modern storage facilities forced the government to export 259,000 tons of grain and other food stuffs last year—almost enough to cover the 280,000-ton shortfall it expects in 1980.

The natural and man-made factors have combined most disastrously in Karamoja, a Vermont-sized rangeland in Uganda 200 miles northeast of Kampala. Since the downfall of Amin last year, Karamoja has turned into a surrealistic terror, as heavily armed marauders led by remnants of the fallen dictator's army swoop down on villages in search of food. While stealing it, they often kill every man, woman and child in sight. After almost a dozen relief workers were murdered, CARE and other agencies considered suspending their operations until some semblance of order could be restored. The troops dispatched to the area by the post-Amin regime have often joined in the attacks on the local populace. In late May, Tanzanian soldiers barged into the Catholic hospital in Abim, dragged away five patients, including a six-year-old boy, and shot them to death outside the hospital gate. A week later, Ugandan troops invaded the hospital and killed five staff members. The famine in Karamoja has broken down all sense of humanity and cooperation among the local people. Relief workers watched recently as adult men snatched chunks of meat out of the mouths of children gathered around the bony carcass of a freshly slaughtered cow. Says a missionary: "This is a microcosm of everything that can go wrong in Africa: no food, no security, no medicine. And it can only get worse."

MIKE WELLS

Unable to feed her child, a woman in Karamoja begs at a mission

"No matter what we do now, millions will die."

What is needed is a complete overhaul of food production systems in the region: irrigation networks to increase the harvests, modern silos in areas like Tanzania to store the surplus, and better distribution methods to get the food to those who need it. But even if these ambitious plans are vigorously carried out, they cannot save the multitudes that are starving now. Says an FAO food expert: "No matter what we do now, millions will die." Adds World Food Council Executive Director Maurice Williams: "I wish I could say I had hope for the future, but I fear that we are headed for a period of permanent food crisis in Africa." ■

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Measuring the amount of fuel in the tanks of a jet plane is quite a tricky job. For one thing, at sub-zero high

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

IRAN

War on Drugs

A judge gets tough

In a crowded Tehran courtroom, five frightened defendants faced the empty bench. The judge, a scowling, bearded figure who was also acting as prosecutor, circled behind them and cursed, "I shall exterminate you vermin!" Then, without permitting a word to be spoken in their defense, he meted out the sentences. "Those two—execution," he barked. "This one—life imprisonment. The other two—100 lashes each." As Islamic guards led out the two men to be whipped, the judge called out after them, "Remember, every lash must draw blood."

With that five-minute trial, Ayatullah Sadegh Khalkhali, Iran's notorious "hanging judge," dispensed summary justice to five more accused drug traffickers. In just six weeks, Khalkhali's firing squads have executed 120 convicted opium and heroin dealers.

Khalkhali's efforts have drawn criticism from some political parties in Tehran, but his ferocity has won him wide popularity. It has enhanced his already considerable political power as a leader of the militant clerical faction of parliament that often opposes the moderate government of President Abolhassan Banisadr.

The Iranian heroin problem has assumed runaway proportions. According to government figures, there are now 3 million addicts, nearly one in every twelve Iranians. Reason: in the 16 chaotic months since the fall of the Shah, police enforcement has been spotty at best, and narcotics rings have been able to operate at will. Thus the habit that was once peculiar to Iran's upper classes, and gripped members of the Shah's own family, has filtered down through Iranian society. Says a high school teacher in Tehran, appalled at the extent of addiction among his students: "Heroin and opium were the only commodities that became inexpensive and plentiful after the revolution."

Cheap, high-potency Iranian heroin has also been turning up in increasing quantities in the U.S. and Western Europe. In fact, Iran and the rest of Southwest Asia are fast becoming the world's leading producers of the drug, surpassing Mexico and the Golden Triangle of Southeast Asia. Lacking Tehran's cooperation in containing the traffic, Western drug-enforcement agencies have concentrated on tracing and stopping shipments after they leave Iran.

They are having some success. Using Farsi-speaking agents to track smugglers, U.S. narcotics officers have confiscated heroin with a street value of some $94 million in the past five months. French police two weeks ago arrested Jean Jehan, the "silver fox," who had figured in the French-connection narcotics ring and had recently resurfaced in the Southwest Asian traffic. ■

Two addicts using heroin in Tehran slum

A habit that permeates Iranian society.

Road to Moscow

Under the blazing Greek sun, near the temples of Hera and Zeus, the Olympic torch was lit last week. For the next month, 4,820 runners—one for each kilometer of the route via Bulgaria and Rumania—will carry the flame to the newly refurbished Lenin Stadium on the Moscow River.

When the torch gets there, the path should be clear. Moscow police are seeing to that, with zealous traffic control in preparation for the Games. Their strategy has totalitarian simplicity: no drivers, no traffic. Although Moscow motorists usually cruise at about 50 m.p.h., police have begun stopping cars going over the legal 37 m.p.h. limit. Even if a driver is obeying the speed limit, he still has worries. Many policemen have started to make impromptu safety inspections. Punishment for violations is swift: the offending car is stripped of its license plates on the spot. A cracked brake light, a worn-out windshield wiper, a dented bumper—any of these can take a car off the road. Plates can be, and often are, lost because a car is dirty.

The antitraffic offensive has had the desired effect. Motorists are thinking twice before venturing out on the highways, since each trip behind the wheel is a motorist's version of Russian roulette. Still, the police may have been needlessly thorough. With the U.S. and perhaps as many as 50 other nations bypassing the Moscow Games, a lot of traffic removal will have taken care of itself.

SOUTH KOREA

Kim's Sum

A candidate is counted out

Ever since they shouldered their way to power in the wake of President Park Chung Hee's assassination last October, South Korea's military strongmen have pressed a campaign of "purification" against corruption. Last week the Martial Law Command announced the results of a monthlong investigation that followed the sudden arrest of ten of the country's most prominent citizens. Nine of the ten, it was charged, had chalked up a total of $142.1 million in ill-gotten wealth through "abuse of power."

The chief offender, according to the announcement: Kim Jong Pil, 54, head of the ruling Democratic Republican Party. Kim had amassed $36 million in "immoral gains" during his years in power, it was claimed, by conniving to acquire some 5,300 acres of government land on which he eventually established lucrative tangerine groves and dairy farms. Runner-up in the corruption sweepstakes was Lee Hu Rak, once head of the Korean Central Intelligence Agency and Park's chief of staff. Lee, said his accusers, squeezed $4.6 million out of South Korean business firms, then used the capital to build up $32.3 million worth of jewelry and real estate.

But the biggest catch was Kim, who was thus eliminated from the presidential elections, which the government has pledged to hold in 1981. The field seemed clear for the military to put forward a candidate of its own, perhaps the emerging strongman, Lieut. General Chun Du Hwan. As for the millionaire culprits, the authorities were magnanimous: the nine would "resign from all public offices"—and donate their wealth to the government's public welfare fund. ■

Democratic Republican Chief Kim Jong Pil

Eliminated from the 1981 elections.

PARIS—PICTURE GROUP

Cleveland Physician Irwin Merkatz greets healthy newborn and mother

Buying Precious Time for Baby

Approval for a new drug to curtail premature births

Rosanne, 26, was in the seventh month of her first pregnancy when things began to go wrong. The baby's head was far down in the uterus, apparently ready to begin a premature journey to the outside world. Admitted to the hospital for observation, Rosanne soon went into labor; contractions came only three minutes apart. Had the baby been born then, at a weight of no more than 3 lbs. and with frail, immature lungs, it would surely have developed life-threatening respiratory problems. But Rosanne and her baby were lucky. Given ritodrine, an experimental medication, Rosanne ceased her labor and gave birth six weeks later to a healthy, 6-lb. 4-oz. daughter.

Last week the chemical that made that happy event possible got formal approval from the Food and Drug Administration for widespread use by expectant women. Calling it "the first safe and effective drug approved to treat premature labor," the federal agency said that ritodrine could help delay a sizable portion of the 300,000 live births a year that occur prematurely (any time before the 36th week of pregnancy) in the U.S.

Though specialized techniques in neonatal intensive care have helped reduce deaths and disability among such infants, their problems remain acute. Besides respiratory distress syndrome, "preemies" are susceptible to heart problems, damage to the gastrointestinal tract, cerebral palsy and mental retardation. Says Rosanne's physician, Dr. Irwin Merkatz, an obstetrical perinatologist at MacDonald House–University Hospitals of Cleveland: "Preterm delivery is the single biggest problem in obstetrics today."

Until now, doctors have tried to prevent or halt early labor by bed rest, sewing up the cervix, prescribing sedatives, hormone inhibitors, various drugs, even alcohol. But these tactics were only partially successful and sometimes produced unpleasant side effects—alcohol, for example, may cause vomiting, diarrhea, tearfulness and headaches.

Ritodrine, developed by a Dutch pharmaceutical house and used in Europe for the past eight years, inhibits labor by relaxing the muscles of the uterus. In tests on 350 pregnant women at eleven centers in the U.S., it has successfully prolonged pregnancy to the 36th week in more than half of the cases. The drug, to be sure, has side effects, including increased maternal and fetal heart rate, a slight drop in blood pressure, palpitations, tremors and nervousness. Recalls one Chicago mother, Susie Kellett: "It was like superspeed." Still, the effects appear to be transient; Kellett went on to give birth to healthy quadruplets.

The drug is not for all women experiencing early labor. Explains Merkatz: "Its use is appropriate in uncomplicated, premature labor where there do not seem to be additional medical complications affecting either the mother or baby." That would rule out women with hypertension or heart conditions, and pregnancies in which the placenta has separated from the uterus or in which the amniotic sac has ruptured and become infected. Nonetheless, ritodrine should be useful to about a quarter of women in preterm labor. Says Merkatz: "It's not a panacea for the whole problem of premature delivery. But it will certainly help." ■

Capsules

REASSESSING THE PILL'S RISKS

Heart attacks, stroke, hypertension, gall bladder disease, cervical cancer, benign tumors, blood clots, diabetes: all have been linked to the Pill. Now a twelve-year study of 16,000 women in California suggests that the fears about oral contraceptives may be exaggerated. The findings to be published this summer may well be disputed once they are examined by other researchers. But the study's research director, Dr. Savitri Ramcharan, argued last week that "the risks of the Pill, if they exist at all, are negligible."

The study, funded by the National Institutes of Health, involved healthy women, ages 18 to 54, enrolled at the Kaiser-Permanente Medical Center in Walnut Creek. A quarter of them took oral contraceptives regularly. Among the findings: Pill users did not have higher mortality rates than non-users, if they did not smoke, and ran no greater risk of developing circulatory problems or cancer of the breast, ovaries or lining of the uterus. Though the researchers did note a slight increase in lung cancer, they said that it was probably caused by the women's heavy cigarette smoking. Similarly, they said, a significant increase in cervical cancer could be attributed not to the Pill, but to sexual habits, including sex at an early age and multiple partners.

BLACK LUNG DISEASE BROUHAHA

Since Congress enacted legislation compensating coal miners disabled by black lung disease a decade ago, more than $9 billion in benefits have been paid to them or their survivors. Yet the federal program is still a matter of hot dispute. The United Mine Workers says that the Government is not generous enough; critics complain of a giveaway. Last week the controversy was fueled anew by a skeptical medical report.

At the University of West Virginia Medical Center in the coal-mining center of Morgantown, Dr. W. Keith Morgan and his colleagues examined 200 miners who had claimed black lung benefits. Only eight qualified by existing compensation criteria; they had somewhat impaired breathing ability. Even so, none showed any indication of progressive massive fibrosis, a stiffening of lung tissue that doctors regard as the true sign of permanent disability.

Morgan notes that the eight miners were smokers or ex-smokers and suggests that tobacco, not coal dust, was the real culprit. In an editorial accompanying the report in the *Journal* of the American Medical Association, Editor William Barclay is even blunter: "The taxpayer will be penalized twice; first in subsidizing those who grow tobacco and then in compensating coal miners who smoke tobacco." ■

Dance

The Death of the Heart

Balanchine's new ballet looks sadly on love

A lovely woman reaches out toward her partner and gently cradles his face in her hands. He enfolds her hands tenderly in his for a moment. Then he moves distractedly away. She is left holding the shape of her lover's face, and has only anguish to fill the hollow sculpture she has made.

The brief sequence is in *Robert Schumann's Davidsbündlertänze*, a new ballet by George Balanchine that received its world premiere at the New York City Ballet last week. From this choreographer it is a radical work. Balanchine relies on music to give shading and mood to his ballets, and has been known to deride the overblown sentiment often found in romantic works. There is much that is familiar about *Davidsbündlertänze:* the steps annealed to music, the virtuosity, the surprises. What is new is that it is openly, drenchingly emotional, a meditation that darkens into melancholy and isolation.

MARTHA SWOPE

Adam Lüders and Karin von Aroldingen

The old guard, molded over years.

The form of the ballet has much to do with Schumann's piano suite, written when he was 27. The composer was also a music critic then, and it amused him to make up pseudonyms to represent various aspects of his personality. He even invented a club for his fantasy creatures to join. Called the *Davidsbund*, it was supposed to combat the philistines of the music world. (For a time, readers thought that the group actually existed.) Schumann also made up imaginary women, especially during his long, arduous courtship of his wife Clara. Three of the four couples who make up the ballet (Suzanne Farrell and Jacques D'Amboise, Heather Watts and Peter Martins, Kay Mazzo and Ib Andersen) are doubtless members in good standing of Schumann's magic circle. The fourth pair, Karin von Aroldingen and Adam Lüders, inhabit a desperate interior world. For although Schumann's youthful pipe dreams were lightly scatty, his mind eventually disintegrated into madness.

For the cast, Balanchine has turned to his "old guard," people whom he has worked with and molded over years. Only Ib Andersen is a newcomer. Only he and Heather Watts are under 30, and she and Peter Martins live together. There is a common instinct and a shared intimacy, even love, among the performers and the choreographer that make *Davidsbündlertänze* a pleasure to watch. One sees Farrell's stabbing attacks and abandoned extensions, Mazzo's charm and pliancy, Watts' unguarded enthusiasm, Martins' cool, assessing mastery. There is little virtuosity here; steps seem less important than the flow and the feeling.

Von Aroldingen and Lüders are at the ballet's center. They reach out and try to sustain each other. They walk slowly together, they caress, at one point they push at each other as if the energy might connect them. But he withdraws, becomes frantic or engulfed in icy loneliness (all too heavily underscored by a set that looks like an ice floe along which curtains have somehow been hung). In the end he walks slowly into a void. She is left, head bowed, her hand cupping her chin. Both dancers give bold performances. One expects Von Aroldingen to be Balanchine's perfectly tuned instrument. Lüders, an elusive and sometimes awkward presence, has his best role yet.

Balanchine may have been putting a distance between himself and this outpouring of emotion by including Schumann's name in the full title. But on opening night he seemed positively merry, pleased enough with the ballet to take four curtain calls (in the past, fans have clapped blisters onto their hands trying to coax him to appear once). If the old master, now 76, is thinking about death, he is thinking about it creatively and at the highest level —*By Martha Duffy*

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A European Minirecession

TIME's *foreign economists see a milder downturn abroad than in the U.S.*

Since 1969 the TIME *Board of Economists has provided the magazine's readers with insightful analyses of the U.S. economy. Now, in recognition of the increasing interdependence of the world's economies,* TIME *has formed a European Board of Economists. Last week in Paris the group met for the first time.*

Despite the darkening economic clouds blowing from the U.S., the five members of the TIME board *(see box)* view Western Europe's prospects as brighter. With the exception of Britain, Europe seems headed for a modest slowing of growth but not recession. West German and French expansion may decrease from last year's levels, but neither country will fall into economic decline.

Although the economies are weakening, the five experts warned against any heavy increase in government spending and championed a calm, "steady as she goes" policy. Increases in unemployment, which is already at levels unknown in Europe since World War II, are viewed as an inevitable consequence of slower economic growth. But they are considered little threat to social stability. Said Italy's Guido Carli: "Unemployment is less important than it was in the past, provided that it is not geographically concentrated."

In Western Europe, in contrast with the U.S., there is generally a better realization of the tremendous changes in world economics that have been brought about by the nearly twentyfold increase in oil prices since 1972. European governments and citizens both accept the fact that the vast outflow of money to pay for staggering oil bills means that living standards cannot grow as fast as they have for the past generation. Workers cannot receive real wage increases without productivity gains, consumers cannot buy as much, and governments cannot spend money on social programs unless they have the tax revenues to pay for them. The result will be a slight fall-off in growth for some countries this year and perhaps next, but stronger and basically more healthy Western European economies on the other side of the downturn.

One of the greatest concerns among members of the TIME board was over the ability of banks to continue recycling the money being earned by the oil producers. Since 1972 the OPEC countries have been depositing their surplus income largely in Western banks, which have then loaned the funds to oil importing nations. Those banks are increasingly concerned about the $366 billion debt built up by the Third World countries, and OPEC members are growing leery of leaving their money in Western banks because of the U.S. Government's seizure last year of Iran's deposits in American banks. Said Switzerland's Hans Mast: "Private banks did an excellent job of recycling in the past, but they cannot go on like this. In 1981 and 1982 there will be increasing difficulties in financing the debt of the less developed countries."

Board members felt that governments or international organizations will now have to pick up a bigger share of the banking problem. One suggestion: they should develop new bonds or other financial securities that would guarantee the OPEC countries that their investments would not be eroded by price rises. This might be done by linking the interest rate to the inflation level of Western countries. The OPEC countries would thus have an added incentive to continue the oil production that is vital to the West.

The board's economists believe that higher oil prices need not wildly fan inflation, provided governments continue their steady policies of tight budgets and strict monetary restraint. Inflation in Western Europe now ranges from Switzerland's 4.3% to Britain's 22%.

Some board members saw a correlation between the perception of U.S. power in the Persian Gulf and the price of crude. Said Carli: "It is not surprising that after the failure of the U.S. mission to rescue the Iranian hostages, Saudi Arabia, followed by Kuwait and the United Arab Emirates, raised prices."

The high cost of oil is not entirely to blame for rising prices. Government budget deficits and indexation of salaries also stimulate increases. In the so-called consensus countries of West Germany and Austria, where there is greater agreement about management of the economy, inflation is controlled by discussion among business, labor and the government. Not all countries are so well off. In Britain, rival union leaders vie with each other in escalating wage demands; so do French unionists. In Italy, inflation affects mainly civil servants who are responsible for the protection of government institutions; most workers receive regular cost-of-living pay increases. Whatever the inflationary pressure, the board suggested that an

The Economists

The members of the TIME European Board of Economists: Samuel Brittan, assistant editor of the *Financial Times* of London and former economic adviser to the British government; Guido Carli, president of the Union of Industries of the European Community and longtime governor of the Bank of Italy; Jean-Marie Chevalier, professor of economics at the University of Paris Nord and an international energy expert; Herbert Giersch, director of the University of Kiel's Institute for World Economics and, for many years, an adviser to the West German government, and Hans Mast, executive vice president of Crédit Suisse.

J.-M. Chevalier

Guido Carli

Samuel Brittan

Herbert Giersch

Hans Mast

incomes policy is not the answer. "One of the few clear-cut lessons of recorded history," said Britain's Samuel Brittan, "is that you do not control inflation by wage and price controls."

Partly as a result of these policies, unemployment is expected to grow moderately in Western Europe this year. The number of jobless could reach more than 1.5 million in France and 2 million in Britain. Even robust West Germany expects to see 1 million out of work.

Each European economy has its own unique strengths and weaknesses. The outlook for the major nations:

WEST GERMANY: The strongman of European economies is headed for a slowing of its recent healthy growth. Herbert Giersch of West Germany forecasts a G.N.P. increase of about 1.5% in 1980, after last year's 4.5%. Investment in plant and equipment and construction remains strong. One reason is the hefty demand from OPEC countries for West German goods. So far wage demands have been moderate. Inflation is expected to rise from last year's 4.7% to 7% this year.

BRITAIN: Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's ambitious program to push Britain out of its economic stagnation with tight budgets and strict monetary control will continue to make that country the sick man of Europe. Economist Brittan forecasts a 3% decline in the G.N.P. in 1980 and another 1% drop in 1981. The fall-off is likely to push unemployment from its present 6% to 8% or even 9%, but that should reduce inflation from the current 22% to 15% by year's end. One consolation: the work force is likely to be trimmed down to its most productive members. "We are going to have what we have been awaiting for many years, a productivity miracle," said Brittan. "There is no doubt that our famous surplus labor is being shed in manufacturing."

FRANCE: French industry is facing old and new problems. According to Economist

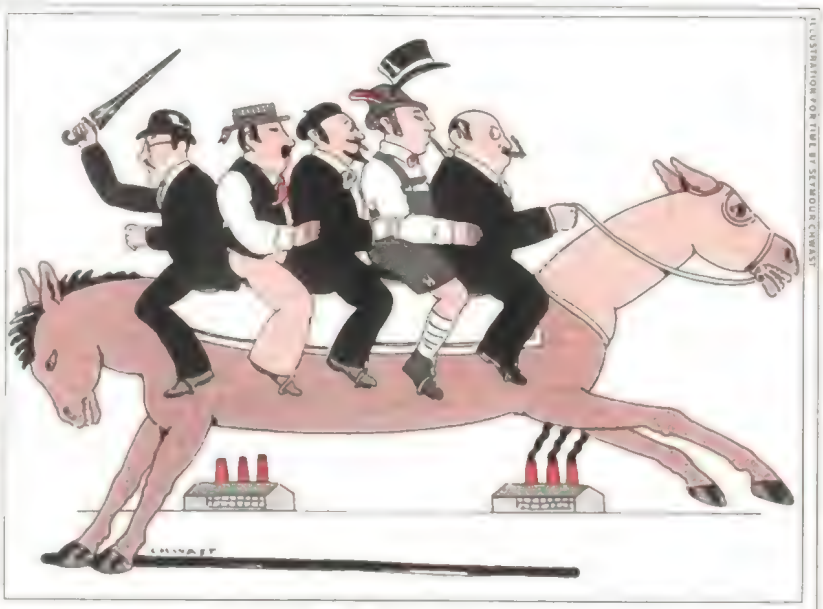


ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY SEYMOUR CHWAST

Jean-Marie Chevalier, industry is too concentrated and the labor force lacks mobility, causing stagnation and declining productivity. French corporations are therefore looking abroad for investment "because expectations of return are greater than in France." Also, French companies are finding it harder to land export orders. In the Airbus project, a cooperative venture between France, West Germany, Britain and Spain, orders have shifted to West Germany because parts can be produced there at a lower cost. At best, predicts Chevalier, France can expect 1% growth this year; at worst, none at all. Inflation is projected at 13% this year.

ITALY: The Italian economy remains as unfathomable as the Gioconda smile. Growth forecasts for 1980 range from 2% to 4%. The variation is due to Italy's dependence on fluctuating export markets and exchange rates and a great disparity in the performance of economic sectors. The auto industry, for example, is expanding, but chemical and shoe manufacturing are suffering. Says Carli: "If the demand for furniture, a sector that has developed in the past four or five years, falls abroad, the consequences will affect certain regions more than others." For this year he foresees a modest growth of about 2% in the Italian economy as a whole.

In sum, Western Europe this year will have the luxury of viewing the difficulties of the U.S. with some degree of lofty isolation. Consumer and business spending are likely to remain moderately strong in Europe while they are falling fast in the U.S. Though unemployment in Western Europe is rising, inflation is under greater control than in the U.S. Moreover, the worldwide shortages of oil and other commodities that touched off the severe 1973-75 recession are not as serious today. For the continent that gave the world the miniskirt, this will be a minirecession. ■

Harder Times in the U.S.

While the Europeans generally hope to suffer only a mild slowing of economic growth, U.S. business continues to reel downward. Initial indicators showed last week that the American economy in the second quarter is declining at roughly an 8% annual rate, the second steepest drop since the Depression and the worst since early 1975, when the nation's business plummeted 9.1%. Labor Secretary Ray Marshall predicted that unemployment could reach 8.5% early in 1981, much higher than the 7.2% peak that the Administration had originally forecast. Housing continued to be one of the economy's weakest sectors, as new home starts plunged 11% to an annual rate of a meager 920,000 units, the lowest since February 1975. Once again in May, wages and salaries failed to keep pace with inflation.

Unwilling to leave bad enough alone, the Carter Administration last week began stepping up plans to stimulate the economy. Plans for a 1981 tax cut, for weeks the worst-kept secret in Washington, finally began leaking out. Though its size and shape are unknown, officials have said that the President could well announce a tax reduction as early as July, at the time of the midyear budget review. The tax cut could take place next Jan. 1.

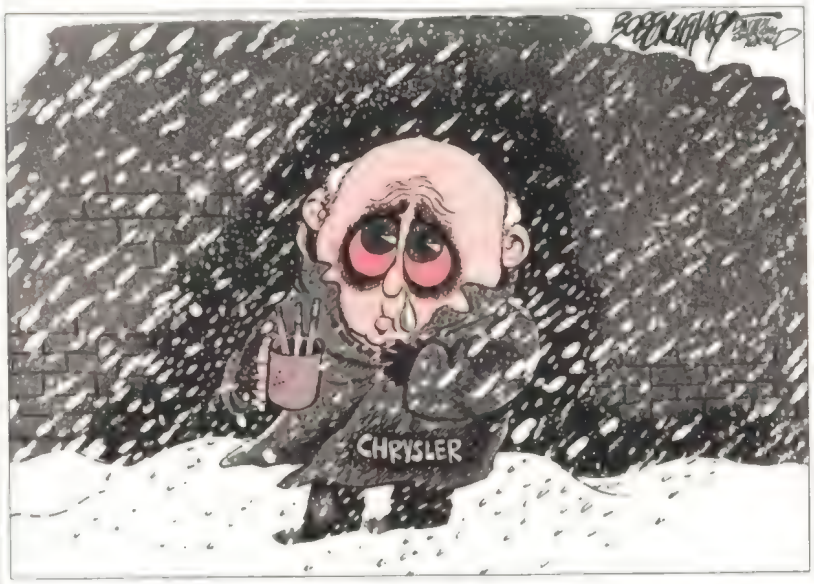
The Administration last week also appeared to be bending to House pressure for a major public works program, though any jobs that might be created would only provide aid for the economy next year, after the worst of the recession is likely to be over. Texas Senator Lloyd Bentsen, chairman of the Joint Economic Committee, criticized anti-recession spending to create federal jobs. Said he: "Recent studies have raised questions about the timing of the program, its effectiveness in employing the unemployed, and its overall impact on the nation's economy." As the Western Europeans have shown, the best program for achieving consistent and relatively low-inflation growth is a firm, steady hand on the policy tiller.

Brinkmanship

Chrysler's banks play tough

Chrysler has endured a series of heart-stopping brushes with bankruptcy over the past year, but last week's was the most perilous and protracted. A tiny group of Chrysler's far-flung lenders in such places as North Little Rock, Ark., and Fort Wayne, Ind., threatened to upset the automaker's carefully arranged $1.5 billion federal loan guarantee package and cause the company's financial collapse. Said a top Michigan bank official in the middle of the fray: "For the first time, some of the responsible guys are talking about what they'd do in a bankruptcy."

The crisis arose when only 17 of the



400 banks that have extended Chrysler some $4.4 billion in private credit decided, each for its own reason, not to go along with the rescue plan. For example, Chrysler owed a relatively minor $525,000 to the American National Bank and Trust Co. of Rockford, Ill., but President David Knapp was personally opposed to the federal rescue of the company. He also seemed to be enjoying a chance to display his displeasure on the national stage, as television cameras followed him around and Treasury Secretary G. William Miller telephoned to ask his cooperation.

With such a small part of the total loan package at stake, Chrysler could have bought back the loans from the recalcitrant banks. But with Chrysler's lenders nervous at best over the complex credit deal, it was clear the defection of just one or two banks would jeopardize the entire loan package. Thus the company's tactic was to besiege the hold-out bankers with telephone calls from Congressmen and big-city bankers. Chrysler workers also threatened to withdraw all their savings accounts from some of the banks. The tiny Crestwood Metro Bank in St. Louis, which was owed less than $500,000, received telephone calls or visits from Steven Miller, Chrysler's assistant treasurer, John McGillicuddy, chairman of Manufacturers Hanover Trust Co. and Treasury Secretary Miller. It quickly capitulated. Rockford's American National Bank and Trust, which was considered the hardest sell, received an anonymous bomb threat. It soon agreed.

By week's end Chrysler's full-court press had succeeded. All 17 banks had fallen into line, including the Tejarat Bank of Tehran, to which Chrysler owed $3.6 million. The last holdout was the Deutsche Genossenschaftsbank of Frankfurt, West Germany. Said one banker: "When it got down to the last one or two, the pressure became just unbearable."

For Chrysler, the warming of bankers' hearts came none too soon. The company has not paid in more than a week the firms that supply it with almost everything from steel to headlights, and any one of them could have started legal procedures to receive payment, which in turn would force Chrysler into bankruptcy.

Government officials are expected to meet this week in Washington and give approval for payment of the first $500 million in Government-guaranteed loans to Chrysler. Very soon thereafter, Salomon Bros., a Wall Street investment banking firm, will send the money via electronic transfer to Chrysler's bank accounts. Then company financial officials will stamp out thousands of checks to the firm's unpaid suppliers and relieve the threat of default. Having once again escaped death by bankruptcy, will the troubled automaker eventually survive? Tune in again shortly. ■

RCA's Shootout

Another president goes down

Some of the most violent action in television lately appears not on-screen but in broadcasters' boardrooms. The latest victim: Maurice R. Valente, 51, fired last week as president of RCA Corp. after just six months on the job. Like CBS President John D. Backe, dismissed seven weeks ago by CBS Chairman William S. Paley, Valente had been the heir apparent to a major communications company. RCA is the parent company of NBC.

Valente's ouster was especially acrimonious. Instead of a polite parting common to executive firings, the RCA press release stated bluntly: "Mr. Valente's performance over nearly six months did not meet expectations." Industry insiders say RCA Chairman Edgar H. Griffiths, 59, was offended by Valente's loose work habits and freewheeling life-style, such as his personal use of company airplanes.

A former executive vice president of ITT, Valente was lured to RCA with a three-year contract, calling for at least $600,000 a year in salary and bonuses, plus an extra $400,000 if Valente were asked to resign.

The Valente affair is another in a long string of embarrassments for the company since 1968, when NBC Founder David Sarnoff handed his firm over to Son Bobby. Bobby Sarnoff, an erratic administrator, plunged the firm into computers, where it eventually had to write off a $490 million pretax loss. Sarnoff's successor, Anthony L. Conrad, resigned in 1976 after informing the board of directors that he had not filed income tax returns for five years.

Griffiths' profit record at RCA since he took over in 1976 has generally been good. Subsidiaries like Hertz rent-a-car have helped bolster income, but NBC-TV, once RCA's proud peacock, has lagged sadly behind the other networks.

Worst of all, Griffiths seems to have failed at assembling a strong management team. NBC Chairman Jane Cahill Pfeiffer, who became known within the company as "Attila the Nun" because of her strong personal style and onetime residence in a convent, is rumored to be on the way out.

Rather than name a new corporate president, Griffiths announced last week that he and five executive vice presidents will now direct policy. The new RCA oligarchy, says the chairman, will lead to a "more flexible management structure." Given RCA's history, a more flexible management may hardly be what is needed. ■

Maurice Valente

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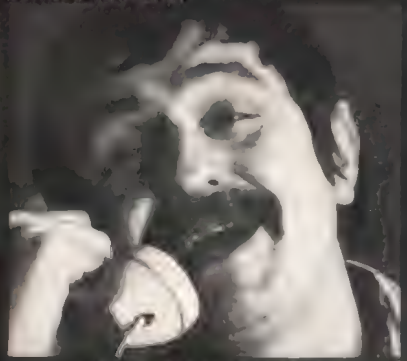

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Economy & Business

Gloomy Oil View

Threats to precious crude

Virtually nothing is as vital to the Western world as secure oil supplies. Yet nothing seems so far from reach. By their failure to blunt the initiatives of OPEC or develop their own energy sources, the U.S. and other oil-importing nations have left themselves vulnerable to oil-fired crises that would be havoc-wreaking. They include internal revolutions in the Middle East, war over oil supplies and financial ruin for many countries.

This gloomy scenario is not the prognosis of some latter-day Spengler but of Walter Levy, 69, perhaps the world's best-known independent oil consultant. Warns Levy in the current issue of *Foreign Affairs:* "A series of future emergencies centering around oil will set back world progress for many, many years."

This dark vision is all too credible. Less developed nations have already been pushed to the brink of bankruptcy to pay higher oil bills. OPEC producers are already wary of exchanging their increasingly valuable but declining resources for inflated dollars or for overseas plants and real estate that could be seized. With importing countries expected to demand 33 million bbl. per day from OPEC by the year 2000, some 10% more than in 1978, Levy sees prices soaring, production decreasing and disaster for world economies.

Moreover, the Western nations are increasingly at the mercy of political events they cannot control. OPEC production could be sharply reduced or cut off entirely by Soviet incursions into the Persian Gulf, internal revolutions like Iran's or the disintegration of the Israeli-Egyptian peace treaty. "Nobody can predict when and how the governmental, social and cultural systems in the various countries will change," writes Levy, "but change they will, and, more likely than not, by convulsions or revolutions."

The area is fragile. More than half of the present Arab heads of state, notes Levy, have reached power by forcibly eliminating their predecessors. Also, during the past decade, Arabs have fought Arabs in numerous bloody wars. The region's stability is further undermined by the traumatic changes brought on by oil wealth, such as rapid economic development, huge riches and a massive influx of foreign labor. These have caused violent strains in Muslim orthodoxy, as reflected in the attack on the Sacred Mosque of Mecca and the Iranian revolution.

Oil is already making political patsies of some importing nations. Saudi Arabia is now using its muscle to try to buy U.S. offensive weaponry for its F-15 fighters. Denmark last month signed a contract for 20,000 bbl. of oil per day that forbids Danes to take any action that would "bring the kingdom of Saudi Arabia or any of its departments into disrepute." This could mean a Saudi veto power over something like showing the controversial film *Death of a Princess*, or even over Danish foreign policy.

Thus far, Western nations have been impotent in combating oil power. Levy argues that the Carter Doctrine, which calls for the U.S. to repel any attack on the Persian Gulf region, is unwieldy and potentially ineffectual. Support from Arab nations or even European allies would be questionable at best, and the first targets in any fighting would probably be the oil-producing facilities themselves.

In the past, Levy has advocated a united effort by Western nations to allocate oil supplies among themselves and negotiate jointly with OPEC. Now Levy fears that the fragility of current supply contracts and the "spirit of *sauve qui peut*" among the allies make such a pact unlikely.

Independent Oil Consultant Walter Levy
A threat to world progress for many years.

Because the development of sufficient alternative energy sources is 30 years or more away, the Western nations are captives of events they cannot control. The only solution, Levy believes, lies in an alliance among the U.S., the Soviet Union and perhaps China to prevent conflict in the Persian Gulf and to keep OPEC from raising prices ever higher. But Levy concedes: "We have not much reason to hope that the various producing countries, the importing countries and the superpowers will ever agree on such a rational course of conduct." Still, the best hope is that this dire forecast from a respected expert will spur action by the U.S., its allies and perhaps its enemies to keep the world from immolation in a pool of burning oil. ■

Running shoe Manufacturer Phil Knight shows off his firm's famous waffle sole

Swift Profits

Nike shoes are front runners

Like the ski parka and the ten-speed bike, multi-hued running shoes have become part of the trappings of the modern American, even if his or her idea of exercise consists only of getting up to turn on the television set to watch the *Wide World of Sports*. Bearing price tags that range up to $69, the new breed of cushioned rubber athletic shoe has trampled that familiar and often smelly old relic, the sneaker.

The most successful U.S. manufacturer of the fancy new footwear is Blue Ribbon Sports of Beaverton, Ore., a privately held company founded by Running Enthusiasts Phil Knight, 42, and Bill Bowerman, 69. In just eight years, Blue Ribbon Sports and their Nike (rhymes with psyche) shoes have gone from a standing start to sales of $260 million, and this year they could climb to $360 million or more. Nike is now aiming to overtake Adidas, the West German sports giant. Nike already has 136 models, for every sport from running and tennis to volleyball and wrestling. This year it plans to add another 50 varieties to cover everything from hiking to leisure wear—running shoes in effect for the non-runner.

Knight and Bowerman, the former University of Oregon track coach, met in 1958, when Knight was a business student at Oregon and a miler of some accomplishment (best time: 4:13). For years the crusty coach had been trying to design a better running shoe in his kitchen. "American shoes were just awful," says Bowerman, because they were heavy and lacked cushioning.

In 1964 Knight and his old track mentor each put up $500 and went into business importing Japanese running shoes. In 1972 they first produced their own

Products at the plant in Exeter, N.H.

Cushion comfort replaces smelly sneakers.

make of shoe, naming it after the Greek goddess of victory. Just before the 1972 Olympic trials in Eugene, Ore., Knight and Bowerman persuaded several marathon runners to try them. Runners wearing Adidas finished first, second and third, but the next four runners wore Nikes.

Nike's breakthrough came as a result of some Sunday-morning fiddling by Bowerman in 1975. He began tinkering with the waffle iron that had just been used to make breakfast. With some urethane rubber, he fashioned a new type of sole whose tiny rubber studs made it springy. Bowerman ruined the iron, but he created a new running shoe that was soon grabbed by the army of weekend jocks suffering from bruised feet.

Along with its successes, however, Blue Ribbon has garnered a few problems. The much ballyhooed "air sole" shoe, which had a tiny gas-filled bag in the sole, flopped at first because of too little gas pressure. Blue Ribbon, moreover, may be beginning an expensive squabble with *Runner's World* magazine, the Baedeker of the sport. Nike charges that the magazine's annual ranking of shoes has given higher ratings to its competitor, Brooks Shoe Manufacturing Co., because of business links between that company and the magazine. *Runner's World* has countered with a $6 million suit against Nike.

Yet the champion shoe company's biggest challenge now may be to raise larger amounts of capital so that it can introduce new products and keep ahead of the pack. So far, Blue Ribbon has grown on the strength of reinvested profits with some limited outside backing, but in the near future it could be forced to go public or merge with a larger firm. Levi Strauss is rumored to be one possible partner; such a merger would complete Levi's mastery over the youthful wardrobe of blue jeans and running shoes. ■

Rent-a-Cow

Hertz for Holsteins

The hardy farmer who forged the American frontier in the 19th century had 40 acres of land, a mule and a couple of good milk cows. But that was in the days before rent-a-cow. Instead of spending up to $2,000 to buy a dairy cow, some 300 U.S. farmers have turned to the Quality Holstein Leasing company of Tennessee Colony, Texas, the Hertz for cattle, where they can rent a cow for as little as $1 a day.

Ten years ago, Clayton McKenzie, 37, began his venture after realizing that the high cost of buying cows was limiting business for many dairymen. Local banks normally charge an initial down payment of 30% on a loan for the purchase of a cow, while farmers renting one lay out only 6% of the cost. After starting with a two-man operation, McKenzie last year needed a bank of computers and 30 employees to keep track of around 50,000 head leased to farmers in 25 states. Sales totaled $20 million.

Six weeks ago, Harold McCray of Mayo, Fla., signed a five-year agreement with Quality Holstein for 70 dairy cows. The herd cost him an initial cash outlay of only $6,000 rather than the $100,000 purchase price. McCray now expects to make $4 per day on each cow and receives as a bonus any offspring born during the lease. He also expects to exercise an option that would permit him to buy the cows at a discount when the contract expires in 1985. As long as credit money to farmers remains tight, Quality Holstein Leasing is likely to be rolling in clover. ■

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Law

Cheap Water for a Lush Valley

Big growers and unwary prisoners win Supreme Court tests

California's Imperial Valley, just above the Mexican border, is one of the world's lushest agricultural areas, a cornucopia of fruit and vegetables, where several crops are harvested a year. What helped make this former desert bloom is a bountiful supply of federally subsidized irrigation water. Last week, in a victory for the valley's large landholders, the Supreme Court ruled unanimously that the Government must continue to provide them with low-cost water.

Under federal acts of 1902 and 1926, intended to preserve the small, single-family farm, Congress limited cheap water to landholdings no larger than 160 acres. But a law that took effect in 1929 was viewed by the Federal Government as exempting the Imperial Valley, and water from the Colorado River flowed to small and large farms alike. Then, after a 1964 policy reversal, the Johnson Administration sued to enforce the 160-acre ceiling. The Government lost, and the new Nixon Administration chose not to appeal. But the suit was kept alive by farm workers hoping to buy pieces of the large holdings which, under the 1926 law, would have to be sold at prices based on their lower, non-irrigated value. Led by their sympathetic doctor, Ben Yellen, they pressed an appeal of their own and won, setting the stage for last week's ruling.

Yellen, a Brooklyn native who moved to the Imperial Valley in the 1930s for his health, vowed to continue his crusade against what he calls "feudal empires." Said he: "It has cost me about $60,000, but I'm going to keep at it until I run out of money or croak." He will have to battle more than the Supreme Court. The Senate has approved a total exemption for the valley, and the House is expected to follow suit. The Senate bill would multiply by eight (to 1,280 acres) the ceiling that applies to the other 11 million acres of Western land receiving federal water. However romantic the small family farm may be, Congress seems resigned to the fact that the average farm is growing larger.

Irrigation canal in Imperial Valley
Serving farms of all sizes.

■ ■ ■

Another winner in the Supreme Court last week was Billy Henry, a convicted robber, who will get a new trial because key evidence against him came from an informer in violation of Henry's right to counsel. The 6-to-3 decision, written by Chief Justice Warren Burger, was a surprisingly liberal one for a court considered tough on criminal defendants' rights.

Henry was indicted for the 1972 robbery of a Norfolk, Va., bank and, pending trial, held in a cell block with a forger named Edward Nichols. A secret FBI informant, Nichols had been told to "be alert to" any statements Henry made about the robbery. The two became so friendly that Henry confided facts that helped convict him.

The majority agreed that the informant's conduct amounted to interrogation, and since Henry was in custody, he was entitled to have a lawyer present. The test, devised 16 years ago in *Massiah* vs. *U.S.*, is whether the informant "deliberately elicited" the statements. In a dissent, Justice Harry Blackmun complained that even evidence obtained from a " 'negligent' triggering of events" will now be inadmissible. But liberal scholars were pleased. Said the University of Michigan's Yale Kamisar: "After years of moaning about keeping out reliable evidence, the Chief Justice writes an opinion making *Massiah* stronger than ever." ■

Milestones

BORN. To **Phyllis George Brown,** 30, former Miss America and TV personality, and Kentucky Governor **John Y. Brown,** 46, former Kentucky Fried Chicken king: an 8-lb. 4-oz. son, her first child, his fourth; in Lexington, Ky. The parents, expecting a girl, had selected the name Pamela Louise, then settled on Lincoln.

BORN. To **Yevgeni Yevtushenko,** 46, flamboyant but conformist Soviet poet, and his third wife, **Jan Butler,** 28, his assistant and translator: a son, their second child; on April 8; in Moscow. Name: Anton.

SEEKING DIVORCE. Carol Lawrence, 45, singer, actress and, most recently, star of TV coffee commercials; and **Robert Goulet,** 46, glossy baritone and musical comedy actor; after 17 years of marriage, two children; in Los Angeles. They were granted a divorce in 1976, but neither ever filed a final dissolution document; they attempted a reconciliation, but separated again in May 1979.

DIED. Jacob Leib Talmon, 64, Israeli professor of history and international authority on totalitarianism; of a heart attack; in Jerusalem. A brilliant lecturer at Jerusalem's Hebrew University since 1949, he was the author of several magisterial books, notably *The Origins of Totalitarian Democracy,* that traced the distortions of the democratic idea by the belief in a "popular will." Talmon recently sparked a debate in Israel when he attacked Prime Minister Menachem Begin's autonomy policy in the occupied West Bank and Gaza as "an archaic concept, a trick to shut the Gentile's mouth."

DIED. Sergio Cardinal Pignedoli, 70, one of the Roman Catholic Church's leading diplomats, who visited 105 countries as a Vatican envoy and was a strong candidate for the papacy after the deaths in 1978 of Pope Paul VI and his short-lived successor, John Paul I; of a blood clot of the lungs; during a visit to his home town of Reggio Emilia. Pignedoli served as a navy chaplain in World War II; he was elevated to Cardinal in 1973. As head of the Secretariat for Non-Christians, he "blotted his copybook" during an attempt at Christian-Islamic dialogue in 1976 by endorsing a document that, through his oversight, contained attacks on Israel. The most affable and approachable of the Vatican's top officials, he corresponded personally with more than 6,000 people, many of them young, who addressed their letters to him "Dear Sergio."

DIED. Bob Nolan, 72, composer of 1,000 western, country and gospel songs, including such classics as *Cool Water* and *Tumbling Tumbleweeds;* of a heart attack; in Costa Mesa, Calif. In 1931 he formed a trio with Tim Spencer and a young cowboy singer named Leonard Slye, who later changed his name to Roy Rogers and left the group to make movies. Nolan and Spencer later formed a quartet, the Sons of the Pioneers, and appeared in dozens of films with Rogers in the 1930s and '40s.

Test-Tube Life: Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

The Supreme Court protects the genetic engineers

When Thomas Jefferson, an amateur scientist himself, wrote the nation's first patent law in 1793, he was determined to ensure that "ingenuity should receive a liberal encouragement." Under his law, "any new and useful art, machine, manufacture or composition of matter" was patentable and thus legally shielded from theft. Last week, in a 5-to-4 decision, the Supreme Court applied the Jeffersonian measure to one of the latest examples of human ingenuity. It ruled that new forms of life created in the laboratory could be patented.

The decision, climaxing an eight-year legal battle, should give a boost to an emerging industry, genetic engineering, which seeks to create new life forms. This promising field offers the prospect of advances in everything from medicine and food production to alternate energy forms. The court's ruling also revived fears —vastly exaggerated in the opinion of most responsible scientists —about the dangers of tampering with life.

The center of dispute was a new human-made variation of the common bacterium *Pseudomonas*. While working at General Electric's Schenectady, N.Y., labs in the early 1970s, Indian-born Microbiologist Ananda M. Chakrabarty made a significant discovery. Chakrabarty knew that certain bacteria are able to break up hydrocarbons. What he found was that the genes responsible for this capacity are not contained in the bacterium's single chromosome, or principal repository of DNA, the genetic molecule. Instead, they reside in small, auxiliary parcels of genes, called plasmids, elsewhere in the cell. Taking plasmids from three oil-eating bacteria, Chakrabarty transplanted them into a fourth, thereby creating a crossbred version with a voracious appetite for oil.

Freeze-dried until needed, then sprinkled on straw and tossed into the ocean, the superbugs could presumably make quick work of oil spills by breaking down the crude into harmless protein and carbon dioxide. Says Chakrabarty, 42, now a researcher at the University of Illinois Medical Center: "You can make tons of these microorganisms in a matter of days." Nor, he says, would the bacteria pose any danger. After the feast, they would die for want of oil.

When GE tried to patent the bacterium in 1972 under Chakrabarty's name, U.S. patent officials balked. They argued, in effect, that if either Jefferson or Congress had intended life to be patentable, special laws would not have been needed to protect certain new plant hybrids like the Red American Beauty Rose. But when GE pressed its case, the Court of Customs and Patent Appeals rejected the Government's argument, and the Supreme Court last week went along with that position. As Chief Justice Burger explained, the issue is "not between living and inanimate things, but between products of nature—whether living or not —and human-made inventions."

GENERAL ELECTRIC RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT CENTER

Variety of oil-eating bacteria, magnified 28,000 times

A Jeffersonian view on an example of human ingenuity.

Though GE was pleased by the decision, it seems in no rush to exploit the bug commercially. Ronald Brooks, head of the GE environmental unit where Chakrabarty did his work, says that the company would entertain licensing agreements with those who want to develop the oil eater. But he adds that GE does not see a market big enough for it to become directly involved.

Others are less hesitant. Awaiting the outcome of the GE appeal are patent applications for at least 100 different kinds of organisms or processes to make organisms. All are products of genetic engineering activities in more than a dozen companies and countless university laboratories in the U.S. and abroad. Most of this work does not involve the relatively simple process of plasmid reshuffling used by Chakrabarty, but the more complex and promising technique of recombinant DNA, or gene splicing. With it, scientists actually break apart DNA, using so-called restriction enzymes, and isolate certain desirable genes. These genes are then inserted into plasmids, again using enzymes, and transferred into another bacterium. The recipient bug, in effect, becomes a new life form with all the characteristics and capabilities carried by the spliced-in genes.

Even in its infancy, the technology has led to the making of new bacteria that are in fact microscopic chemical factories. Already the common intestinal bacterium *E. coli*, the favorite tool of such researchers, has been genetically "re-engineered" to produce human insulin and interferon, the antiviral protein that could be effective against several types of cancer, as well as the hormone that stimulates growth in humans. In the future, scientists should be able to use such reprogrammed bugs to meet other medical needs: manufacturing malaria vaccine, for example, or creating chemicals to heal burns, kill pain or stanch the flow of blood from wounds.

Yet the new technology should extend far beyond medicine. Scientists are talking about creating bugs that will enable plants to "fix" nitrogen directly from the air, thereby reducing the dependence on fertilizers. Others could be created to make amino acids, a building block of proteins and thus a basic food source. Some organisms, like Chakrabarty's oil eater, might be developed to degrade metals and other materials; these could help mining companies leech ores from hard-to-reach veins or assist in the cleanup of such toxic waste sites as Love Canal. Even the energy crisis might be alleviated by the genetic engineers, who are devising new ways of using yeast to make alcohol, and other superbugs for making fuels, antifreeze compounds and plastics. Says Molecular Biologist Herman Lewis, the National Science Foundation's adviser on recombinant DNA: "Theoretically, any process occurring in nature can be harnessed for man's use. We could even learn how to duplicate photosynthesis, the basic energy-converting process in green plants." Basically, says Eli Lilly Vice President for Research Irving Johnson, "You're talking about a process that could affect all living species. I can't think of a single event that is as broad as that, except

maybe the discovery of atomic particles."

With so much research already going on, the Supreme Court's decision mainly gives formal sanction to what had been happening for some time, a classic example of the law's lagging behind technology. Millions of dollars have been invested without patent protection. Says Bernard Talbot, special assistant to the director of the National Institutes of Health: "Recombinant DNA work is going on in numerous labs. This would have gone on whatever the court decided." Chief Justice Burger himself acknowledged that a patent law "will not deter the scientific mind from probing into the unknown any more than Canute could command the tides."

The most important patent application now pending is for the key gene-splicing processes developed by Microbiologists Stanley Cohen of Stanford and Herbert Boyer of the University of California: both have signed over royalty rights to their respective universities, but Boyer is a major stockholder in Genentech Corp., a Bay Area genetic engineering firm, and obviously stands to make money from the process. No one quarrels with that. But there is a mixed view of just how much good will accrue from the introduction of patents to the infant industry.

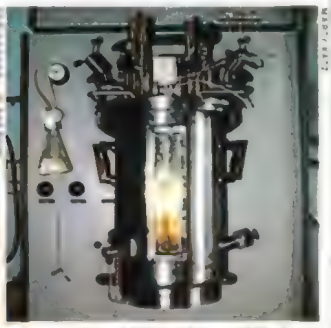
Biochemist Ronald Cape, chairman of Berkeley's Cetus Corp., a rival firm, sees patents as increasing the "free flow of ideas." More companies and investors are sure to plunge into the expensive business with less fear of having ideas stolen, or at least with an assurance of legal recourse if they are. But others fear that just the opposite will happen: that scientists will be cautious about sharing information, long an essential part of the scientific process. Warns M.I.T.'s Jonathan A. King, a molecular biologist: "Now you have the prospect of keeping a strain [of bacteria] out of circulation until you have the patents." Wolfgang Joklik, chairman of Duke University's department of microbiology and immunology, wants to see scientists rewarded for what they do. But he adds with concern, "I just don't want to see organisms patented for commercial exploitation. I would like to be sure that everything is available for basic research."

There will almost certainly be efforts to get around the patents of others through slight variations. Says James Watson, Nobel laureate and co-discoverer in the 1950s of the double-helix structure of DNA: "It will be awfully hard to show uniqueness, to prove that one man's microbe is really different from another's." That, says J. Leslie Glick, president of Genex Corp. in Bethesda, Md., could lead to modifying bacterial strains mainly for "defensive reasons, a waste of research." Lawyers especially stand to gain if patenting life becomes their way of making a handsome living. Quipped Stephen Turner, president of Bethesda Research Laboratories: "I call this the Patent Lawyer's Employment Act of 1980."

For others, the decision stirred renewed anxieties. They argue that altering life, to say nothing of patenting it, is not the wisest of human activities. Better, they say, to leave the doomsday bugs to fiction. Said the Peoples Business Commission, a Washington-based consumer group, in a hyperbolic press release greeting the court's decision: "The Brave New World that Aldous Huxley warned us of is now here." Nobel Laureate George Wald, a guru of various antiestablishment causes, echoed those concerns. If the GE bug ever gets loose in the world, he said, "it could digest petroleum that has not been spilled. You can't put bacteria on a leash once you introduce them into the environment."

Chakrabarty, who stands to make no money from his discovery because GE will own the patent, crisply dismisses such dissent. "I can't respond to imaginary scenarios," he told TIME Correspondent David Jackson. He insists that his *Pseudomonas* is safe, although it was developed before the Government imposed strict containment rules for lab experiments with such organisms. Indeed, in the past few years, researchers in dozens of labs have been performing similar experiments, and as Burger put it, there has been no "gruesome parade of horribles" forecast by the naysayers to the new research. Yet with Shakespeare, Burger acknowledged, "It is sometimes better to 'bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of.'" If Hamlet's wisdom had prevailed, there probably would be no such thing as genetic engineering with all its potential for good. For that matter, there probably would be no science. *—By John S. DeMott. Reported by Evan Thomas/Washington*

Chakrabarty with slide of his bacteria



Fermenter vat (above); yeast (below)

Drop contains trillions of *E. coli* plasmids; Boyer with vial of interferon (below)

COVER STORY

The Tennis Machine

Meet faultless Bjorn Borg. Is he, at 24, the best player ever to lift a racquet?

"Oh, I do look forward to coming back to Wimbledon. I can see myself an old man there I will sit and have tea, and I will talk about how things were better in the good old days, the time when I was young and a champion."

This Monday afternoon an umpire at the All England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club will peer down from his chair in Centre Court and in clipped tones inquire, "Gentlemen, are you ready?" A pause, and then: "Play!" Thus the 94th Wimbledon Tennis Championships are scheduled to begin. At one end of that storied court will stand Bjorn Borg, defending champion, the only modern player to win four straight Wimbledon titles—and, if the oddsmakers are correct, the first man to win five. Not quite ready yet for tea and reverie, he returns to Wimbledon seeking to etch even more deeply his record as the greatest champion in the history of the game's most fabled tournament, and one of the most successful athletes of any sport, any time, anywhere

Generation after generation of tennis champions have measured their worth against the memories of Wimbledon. But in all those years Centre Court, with its pampered lawn, its banked grandstand packed with royal patrons and regally sportsmanlike fans, has belonged to Borg as it has to no one else. The sight of him, Wimbledon Cup held aloft in victory, has become as much a part of the Fortnight, as the British call the premier tournament of tennis, as members taking tea in their rose-covered enclosure, or the hundreds of fans patiently queuing for strawberries and cream beneath green-roofed marquees.

Borg's niche in Wimbledon history is already spaciously secure. In the modern tennis era, only one man, Australia's Rod Laver, has won four Wimbledon crowns. Just one, Fred Perry, won three in a row. Borg's four straight titles firmly establish his dominating presence in tennis. Should he win his fifth title in a row, he will set a record likely to stand for generations. Borg need only win four early-round matches to eclipse Laver's mark of 31 consecutive match victories in Wimbledon play

So lustrous is Borg's Wimbledon record that it somewhat obscures the other achievements of a remarkable champion:

▸ At 15 he helped Sweden's Davis Cup

team to a first-round victory in the European Zone competitions. Borg was then the youngest player ever to take part in Davis Cup competition

▶ At 17 he won the French Open Tennis Championship, a title he has now captured a record five times. He thus became the youngest man ever to win one of tennis' grand-slam events.* Last month Borg won the French Open with such consummate, straight-set ease that he lost a mere 38 games while winning 126

▶ At 20 he won his first Wimbledon title in a straight-set trouncing of Ilie Nastase. He was the youngest men's champion in the game's modern era.

▶ At 22 he was victorious in six consecutive tournaments and three round-robin events—in all, 55 straight matches. Along the way, he tied Perry's record for consecutive Wimbledon titles.

Now, less than a month past his 24th birthday, Borg is an incredible tennis machine, an inexorable force that is one part speed, one part topspin and two parts iron will. With his topspin strokes, he has reduced errors in his game. His opponent must beat him on every point; he simply does not beat himself. Even more important, from his early teens, he has harnessed a fierce competitive spirit, organizing his entire life around a single goal: winning tennis tournaments. The child of the big-bucks, media-blitz era of sport, he has parlayed his on-court success into a personal fortune; this year he will earn an astonishing $5 million in prize money and endorsement income.

The irony is that Borg's unusual playing style was once a coach's nightmare, a self-taught batch of skills rarely seen singly, much less in combination. The two-handed backhand seems part of the tennis landscape now that Jimmy Connors, Chris Evert and Tracy Austin have made it respectable. But when Borg first came to public notice, no one had used the shot since Australian Vivian McGrath in the 1930s. Needless to say, Borg's method was considered idiosyncratic, a stylistic dead end. For that matter, topspin was viewed as the last refuge of Bobby Riggs trying to win a bet. The patient base-line game has rarely been seen since Jean-René Lacoste was outfoxing stronger foes in the 1920s. All the elements were there, but the mix awaited a slight Swedish boy and a train of serendipitous events.

Rune Borg, a salesman at a men's clothing store in Sodertälje, a suburb of Stockholm, was an accomplished amateur table-tennis player in the 1960s. He cannot remember the name of his opponent in the finals of a tournament the summer his son was nine, but that victory introduced Bjorn Borg to tennis. An only child, Bjorn had played games with his parents since he was a toddler, catching and throwing balls, taking up soccer and hockey, and, by the age of seven, trying table tennis. "I thought I would like to be like my father," Borg recalls. "But when I was nine my father took me to a tournament to watch him play. They had a big table with all the prizes spread out on it, and right there, in the middle of the table, was this beautiful tennis racquet. When I saw it, I wanted him to win so bad, because if he could win, I would have the racquet.

FOCUS ON SPORTS

A big grin after a big win at Wimbledon last year

"The truth is I am a very stubborn person."

I was so nervous for him to win, I was crazy."

Rune Borg won the tournament. His son rushed up to congratulate him—and asked him to claim the racquet. "There were other prizes on the table," the elder Borg remembers, "and I wanted to have a joke on Bjorn. So I picked up another prize, a fishing rod. His face fell so, he looked like he would cry. I put down the rod real quick and picked up the tennis racquet and said, 'This will be my prize.' "

The next day Bjorn set out with two neighborhood friends and his proud new possession. There were two clay courts just minutes from the Borg apartment. He took to the game instantly: "From the first ball I hit, I loved it. At first, I was too young to play at the club near my home, so I would hit the ball on the garage door. I would pretend I was playing games in the Davis Cup. That was my first dream, to represent Sweden in the Davis Cup. I would play these imaginary games against Australia and America. Then I started to dream of Wimbledon."

While he was making up matches, Borg was also making up a method of playing tennis. With no coach to help him, he gripped the racquet—a heavy model meant for an adult—with two hands for both his forehand shot and his backhand, the same way he wielded a hockey stick. Since the only way he knew to swing a racquet was the wristy stroke of the table-tennis player, he flicked tennis balls the same way. The Borg topspin thus was born. By all that is classic in the sport, everything about Borg's strokes was wrong. But his mother remembers one thing that was right: "Even then he loved to play. Even then he hated to lose. Even in his pretend games, he always wanted to win."

When he was ten, he was big enough at last to be allowed on the courts. Every day he got up at 6:30 and headed for the local park, hanging around until bedtime waiting for a chance to play. "Sometimes people would reserve the court for an hour, but only play 55 minutes," he recalls. "They would leave the court for five minutes, and those five minutes, I was in there hitting the ball. Everybody thought I was crazy."

Before long, he had progressed from a scrawny kid who could hit the ball over the net two or three times in a row to a scrawny kid who could hit the ball back 20 times without missing. Then he started to play games —and to win them. His parents joined an indoor tennis club in Stockholm so that he could play during the winter months, often sitting Saturday nights over endless cups of coffee near the almost deserted courts while Bjorn played game after game, set after set. Says Margareta Borg: "He always said, 'Just one more set, please, just one.' It was never just one."

When he started to play in junior tournaments, there was no mistaking his talent, but his unorthodox strokes were a bewilderment. As he grew stronger, he gave up using both hands on his forehand, but the two-handed backhand had become a fixture of his game, as had the fondness for topspin.

As a teen-ager, Borg was pressured by a succession of well-meaning coaches to alter his game. One exception was Lennart Bergelin, appointed Sweden's Davis Cup captain in 1970 and charged with discovering and developing young players. Bergelin, now 55, first saw Borg at a junior tournament. A year later the 14-year-

*Twice Laver won the French Open, Wimbledon, the U.S. and Australian Opens in the same year. Don Budge, Maureen Connolly and Margaret Court won the grand slam once.

With a small cloud of dust, Borg lands before the ball does at last month's French Open

old joined Bergelin's team of Davis Cup hopefuls. Bergelin remembers the early criticism of Borg's style: "No one had ever seen anything like the way this boy played, so no one thought he could play successfully. But it was his way, and for him it was the only way. I did not try to change him."

It was just as well, for by then Borg had developed the unshakable will that has become the hallmark of his game. The man who will run after every ball hit to him, refusing to concede a winning shot, was evident in the boy who listened politely to his critics—and ignored them. "When I was twelve, people told me that if I want to be successful, I must change my style, change my grip, give up this two-handed backhand. I said I would change, but I knew I wouldn't. The truth is I am a very stubborn person. I was hitting the ball and it felt good to me, so I said to myself, why change? It is important to find your own personality in the game, your own style. You have to find it; no one else can find it for you."

A two-fisted backhand at the 1978 U.S. Open

In one other respect, Borg at twelve was Borg at 24: unflappable on the court, a mannerly competitor who rarely disputed a linesman's calls, unleashed grimaces, tossed racquets or bashed balls. "Iceborg" they called him. In an era when tennis was turning from a game of gentlefolk to a showcase for the antics of ill-mannered Nastases, petulant Connorses and adolescent McEnroes, Borg seemed right out of *Boy's Life*—Goody Twoshoes with a tennis racquet.

Is Borg too good to be true? Maybe, but once he was too bad to believe. At eleven young Bjorn cursed like a navvy, hurled his racquet, hectored officials and bellyached over every close call. "I was crazy, a madman on the court. It was awful. Then the club I belonged to suspended me for five months, and my mother, she took my racquet and locked it in the closet. For five months, she locked up my racquet. After that I never opened my mouth again on the tennis court. Since the day I came back from that suspension, no matter what happened, I behaved on the court."

When Borg was 14, he started to travel extensively with a junior squad of Sweden's Davis Cup hopefuls. At 15, in his first match against a professional, he defeated New Zealand's Onny Parun, 25. A good student (4.4 average on a 5.0 scale), he left high school at age 16 to turn pro. Today he possesses one of the world's most famous lucky-charm beards, his annual Wimbledon growth, but he wasn't old enough to shave the first time someone approached him for an autograph. "I was 14 and I was so proud when they asked. But every time I signed my name, it looked different. I was so embarrassed. I was only 14 and I couldn't get it right twice in a row. So I practiced signing my name until I finally had an autograph."

Before Borg was old enough to get a driver's license in Sweden, his ground strokes had earned him recognition as one of the world's premier clay-court players. But his baseline style and his weak serve and volley made him a less effective player on the fast surfaces of grass and artificial outdoor and indoor courts. He caused teeny-bopper riots when he first came to Wimbledon in 1973 at age 17. But he bowed out, undone on the speedy grass.

Then at 20 Borg underwent a transformation. In six weeks he changed his life and his game. The first part was easy: he fell in love. At the French Open in Paris, he called Rumania's young tennis hope, Mariana Simionescu, and invited her to dinner. They had enjoyed a nodding acquaintance at tournaments, but Borg decided to try to improve on that. "He told me I was the first girl he ever called for a date," Mariana remembers. "He had a girlfriend when he was a boy in Sweden, but I was the first girl he ever had asked out formally. We went out to eat, then we walked around Montmartre, just like all the rest of the tourists."

Borg won the French Open, then left for London to practice on grass courts. He had been close to only one person other than his parents, Lennart Bergelin. The coach was anxious for Borg to concentrate on improving his game, and Borg was willing. But the young man, who had limited his long-distance telephoning to habitual every-other-day calls to his parents, was also anxious to locate Mariana. "I was playing a tournament in Scotland," she says. "Somehow he found me. We talked and talked."

But Bergelin had his way, too. In order to win at Wimbledon, Borg had to improve his serve. Bergelin had an idea. In the past, Borg had lined up to serve with his left foot parallel to the base line, his left shoulder pointed toward the net. As a result, Borg's toss was loopy, off to his right, and he could bring power to the stroke only with his arm. Bergelin—who

A fierce forehand at the 1979 Canadian Open

had already cured Borg's tendency toward overly whippy wrists by going into a factory and designing a special, extra-heavy racquet—suggested a minor change: line up with the left toe pointing toward the base line. It was a 90° change of one foot, but it turned Borg's body square to his opponent, putting his toss in front of him so that he could use the full weight of his body to add power to the serve.

Players usually spend the weeks before Wimbledon fine-tuning their games. Borg spent the weeks before the 1976 tournament overhauling the most difficult shot in the game. Two hours a day for 14 days, he did nothing but serve. That regimen so strained the muscles in his chest and abdomen that he played in pain throughout the tournament. But it worked. "The new serve was why I won Wimbledon the first time," says Borg. "The people in the crowd had been used to seeing me serve for years, and suddenly, here I was, serving so different. They could not believe it was Bjorn Borg. And it was during Wimbledon that Mariana and I started to live together. I got Mariana and my new serve in the same ten days. I was pretty lucky."

It was in those ten days that luck ran out for the rest of the tennis world. Borg has played 60 tournaments since his 1976 Wimbledon victory; he has won 37 of them. The only major title to elude him is the U.S. Open. He lost a close match to Connors in the 1976 finals ("My most bitter defeat"). A shoulder injury caused him to default in 1977. He was beaten again by Connors in 1978, when an injured thumb severely hampered his game. Last year he was eliminated by Roscoe Tanner, one of the few players around with the kind of big serve that can negate Borg's base-line game. His frustration at failing to win the American leg of the grand slam has never healed. "The U.S. Open is my biggest goal. That's a tournament I want to win very, very badly."

What makes Borg so good? Topspin is one element. He often starts his forehand swing with the strings virtually parallel to the ground, turns the face of the racquet until it is perpendicular at the instant of impact, then twists it to the horizontal again. Thus he is whipping his hand from palm up on the backswing to palm down on the follow-through.

That brushing motion puts tremendous spin on the ball, generating air pockets below it that pull the ball down like a lead weight, no matter how hard it is hit. Thus Borg can swing away and know that it will drop within the base line. Equally important, he can hit the ball high over the net and still pin his opponent deep in the court. With classic, flat tennis strokes—the kind hit by such stars as Connors and McEnroe—the margin for error is reduced to an area some 6 in. over the net: hit the ball lower, it will catch the tape, higher and it will sail out of play. With topspin, however, the ball can fly several feet above the net and still drop down into play. After it clears the net, a topspin ball falls shorter and bounces higher than a conventional shot.

There is nothing new about topspin. Laver was an expert practitioner during his prime in the '60s, and nearly every how-to book on tennis has many words on the subject. But most observers think Borg has mastered topspin as has no player since French noblemen developed the game in the Middle Ages.* As a result, he plays more of that crucial space above the net than anyone in the history of the game. Says Tennis Coach Vic Braden: "Bjorn can make the ball drop so fast it will untie your shoelaces. If you want to get back far enough to take it on the bounce, you've gotta call a cab."

What is most remarkable, however, is Borg's consistency. His strokes remain the same, whether it is match point at Wimbledon or a practice session at home in Monte Carlo. Altering the angle of the racquet face just 1° at the moment of impact can translate into as much as a 6-ft. difference in where the ball lands on the other side of the net. As a result, Borg never knows those secret fears so familiar to weekend hackers: "I hope he doesn't hit it to my backhand . . ." On the contrary, Borg is confident that he can win any point with any stroke in his repertory: "I am never afraid to hit any of my shots."

Borg's most difficult matches, oddly enough, have not occurred during the pressure-packed finals of major tournaments. Instead, he is shakiest in the early rounds, "before I have a chance to get the feel of the court, the atmosphere of the tournament, the sense of my game." Ironically, his opening round opponent at Wimbledon is Egypt's Ismail El Shafei, 32, one of three players to beat Borg there. He eliminated the Swede in the third round of the 1974 Wimbledon.

Borg's closest call during his championship reign at Wimbledon came in the first round of the 1978 tournament, when towering (6 ft. 7 in.) Victor Amaya had him on the ropes. Amaya led two sets to one and had a 3-1 lead in the fourth set, but Borg came back to win. Says Amaya: "He looked as if he was spaced out, but all of a sudden he came to life. Sometimes he seems to go into limbo, and then he wakes up before the end."

Another of Borg's assets is his icy self-control. He rules his emotions so completely that so much as an on-court frown leaves fans and fellow players awe-struck. In an exhibition match last year against Vitas Gerulaitis, Borg actually uttered a Swedish oath after missing a shot. Gerulaitis dropped his racquet in amazement. Some 10,000 fans, grateful to be present at the miracle of the parting of Borg's lips, gave him a standing ovation. "Bjorn does have emotions, but he has a special talent for masking them," says Gerulaitis. Says Nastase: "In the locker room he might not talk to anyone for an hour. They should send Borg to another planet. We play tennis. He plays something else."

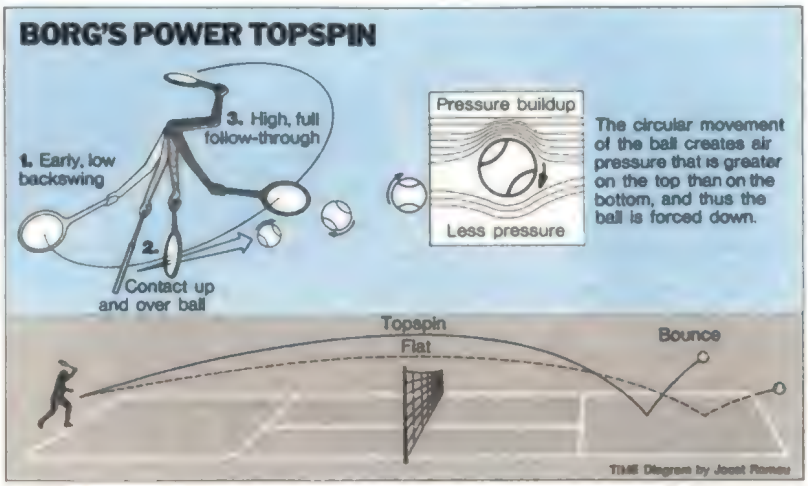
Perhaps Borg's most effective weapon is his unbending determination. Tennis is not just a game, but a contest of wills comparable only to that between two prizefighters or a pitcher and a hitter. For all its elaborate etiquette, its hushed crowds and blazered officials, its serene and verdant settings, tennis is hand-to-hand combat. It is the sizzling serve that leaves an opponent unable to lift the racquet, the passing shot that crushes the spirit, the drop shot or lob that bounces and dies far beyond reach. In the closing games of the fifth set, more than three hours after both players began run-

GAROFALO—PARIS MATCH

The bride helping the groom buy his wedding suit in Paris

"I got Mariana and my new serve in the same ten days."

*Though tennis was first played by ecclesiastical students in the 15th century, the game quickly became so identified with French royalty that Shakespeare contrived for a British king to threaten the French crown with a tennis metaphor. In *Henry V*, King Henry warns the French Ambassador: "When he have match'd our rackets to these balls,/ We will in France, by God's grace, play a set/ Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard. Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler/ That all the courts of France will be disturb'd."



ning in the broiling sun, it is will that wins the final points. Borg is will made flesh. He says: "It does not matter if I am so tired that I do not think I can take one more step, I will not give up that point. I am too stubborn. I will keep going."

The will to keep going has helped make Borg the best tennis player of his generation. But is he the greatest of all time? No one, of course, will ever know how many Wimbledon titles Laver might have won had not the rules against professional players of that era exiled him from the tournament for five years. Nor can it be said how Fred Perry, Big Bill Tilden, Jack Kramer, Pancho Gonzalez and Don Budge might have fared against Borg. But the quality of his competition suggests he may be the best ever. Undoubtedly, more fine players contest tournaments today than at any time in history; incontestably, Borg is the best of them. The match records are astounding: Borg 18, Gerulaitis 0; Borg 17, Guillermo Vilas 5; Borg 11, Tanner 4. He is only 14 and 10 against Connors, but Connors has not beaten him in their eight meetings since 1978.

McEnroe, victorious over Borg in two matches out of five, marvels at the Swede's stamina. When Borg was 18, tests at a Swedish sports medicine clinic showed that he had a resting heartbeat of 38 per minute, nearly half the norm. His cardiovascular capacity then was the kind found only in mature distance runners and swimmers. Says McEnroe: "He's in the best shape of anyone. He's just got a great physical build for tennis. He's thin, and he can run all day. Some guys you see panting. You never see Borg do that. You never know if he's tired." Says Vilas: "John Newcombe once claimed that Borg's arm would wear out in five years because he swings at the ball so hard. Nonsense. Borg's body is his best stroke."

At 5 ft. 11 in., 165 lbs., Borg is lean as a greyhound, his limbs long and supple, his shoulders almost incongruously broad. He practices at tournament speed four hours each day to keep in condition. No other player spends more time in workouts. Bergelin explains Borg's success with two gestures. First he slaps his thigh: "It's all here." Then he points to his head: "And here."

Harold Solomon, ranked sixth on the pro circuit, has never beaten Borg in 14 attempts. He has a different idea about the mainsprings of Borg's success. Says Solomon: "He has this operating range that goes from about 5 or 6 ft. behind the base line to 3 or 4 ft. inside the base line, and he's like a god in there. To try to beat him in that range is almost impossible. I think he's two or three levels above everybody else. My playing him is almost like some good high school team playing the Pittsburgh Steelers."

Even Borg's racquets are a notch above the norm. A strong club player will have his racquets strung to a pressure of 55 lbs. per sq. in. Pro players, whose skill enables them to control the ball better, will gain extra power by having their strings tightened to as much as 60 to 65 per sq. in. Borg's racquets are strung to a slab-hard 80 per sq. in. The strings are under such tremendous pressure that they often snap even when they are not being used. "At night sometimes in the hotel, they'll wake us up," Borg says. "The strings will break, ping, ping, ping." Mike Blanchard, 73, a tennis umpire at international competitions for five decades, has seen his share of tennis players, but he has never seen racquets like Borg's: "It's like playing with a board. The ball jumps off the racquet so fast because there's no give to it. The reason other people don't do it is they can't get control But Borg just caresses the ball."

To keep himself in fully strung supply, Borg carries some 30 racquets to every tournament. Fortunately, he suffers from none of the superstitions of baseball players, who view damage to a favorite bat as a death in the family. Only two men in the world, one in Stockholm, the other in New York, are skilled enough to string racquets to Borg's shattering standards, so he unsentimentally packs up the ones that go ping in the night and ships them off for restringing.

Off-court, Borg leads a quiet, unpretentious life, especially for a multimillionaire. He and Mariana rent a one-bedroom apartment in Monte Carlo; they will continue to live there after their marriage in Bucharest next month. "It is nice, but not fancy," she says. "We do have a balcony that overlooks the Mediterranean, and we love to eat breakfast outside when the weather is nice."

Lennart Bergelin, Borg's coach, adviser and masseur, practicing with him in Båstad, Sweden

"No one had ever seen anything like the way this boy played. I did not try to change him."

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But for nine months of the year, they make their home in hotels. Mariana, who severely curtailed her competitive career after a frantic year of tournaments in separate cities, washes their tennis whites in the tub. If the couple goes out to dine, they will be swamped by autograph seekers (and often not presented with a check), so they tend to subsist on room service. Says Mariana: "We get up and order breakfast from room service. Then we practice, come back to the hotel and order room service. Then Bjorn practices again, if he's not playing a match, and then we come back and order room service. Very glamorous, isn't it?"

This spartan existence is as much a matter of temperament as necessity for Borg. Others may sacrifice a night on the town; Borg prefers to stay at home. "I have to sleep nine hours if I am going to feel good during a tournament," he explains. Borg gets his sleep. Recalls Arthur Ashe: "I saw Bjorn in Las Vegas and asked him if he'd had any luck at the tables. He couldn't understand why I wanted to talk about the furniture."

Borg stokes up for tournaments on steaks, but nothing else in particular. He will hoist an occasional beer and enjoys a glass of wine with meals, but only during those rare weeks when he is not competing. During a tournament, he is abstemious. Though he sometimes drops by the establishment of international Disco Doyenne Regine on Spain's Costa del Sol, he never shakes his booties when there is a match to be played. "Sure I would like to go out, but I never really felt that bad about the things I missed. That feeling you have after you win a hard match is good enough." Mariana says he "is a pretty good dancer, but he would be real good if we could go discoing more often."

Not surprisingly, recollections that begin "I remember the time Bjorn . . ." are as scarce as tales of his defeat in a tournament. He is no stick-in-the-mud. In a night of horseplay with fellow pros at Jamaica's Montego Bay in 1978, he jumped into a swimming pool fully clothed. But he seldom indulges in nights of horseplay. His reverie is of the perfect day: "To be at our summer place in Sweden, to go out with the boat, to be on the sea. You are by yourself. No one is talking. There is just the wind."

When he was a teen on the tennis circuit, much was made of Borg the high school dropout who passed his time reading comicbooks. His taste now runs to World War II novels and histories, but he finds it difficult to keep his mind on such tomes during a tournament. "No one believes how hard you have to concentrate on the court. After four hours of thinking, thinking, on every point, I come back to the hotel, and I am so mentally exhausted, all I can do is lie on the bed and watch the ceiling."

Borg's closest friend on the circuit is Gerulaitis, a free spirit whose disco-haunting life-style seems the antithesis of Borg's stay-at-home predilections. "Vitas likes to practice as much as I do," Borg explains. Gerulaitis calls Borg "a very private guy. He's got opinions on lots of subjects but doesn't talk much." So Borg remains an enigma to most of the players. Says Solomon: "I spent a week playing exhibitions with him, and I don't think we talked a total of ten minutes. Bjorn is quiet, real quiet and contained."

That containment extends to every area of his life. Borg's very existence is tuned to a single goal: winning tennis tournaments. Bergelin screens his telephone calls, tends to the constantly pinging racquets, arranges courts for practice, even massages away the muscle kinks. Skilled financial advisers invest his winnings, negotiate his contracts. Plane and hotel reservations, cars and drivers materialize in cities around the world, the work of agents and secretaries. Borg moves through life a charmed man; all considerations save tennis have been spared him.

Borg remains a modest man. He attributes much of his success in tennis to his quiet off-court life. "Since I met Mariana, there is more to my life than tennis, tennis, tennis. I can take a loss better than I could before, because now I have someone to go home to and the defeat is not so lonely. But also since I met Mariana, I have had my greatest success in tennis. I have won the big tournaments, the titles I wanted to win so that I could become a great champion." Whatever the reasons, Borg's fellow pros find him a gracious competitor. Says Tom Gullickson, who has beaten Borg once in their three meetings: "He's a real gentleman. He doesn't make excuses when he loses. Bjorn wins with class and loses with class."

Borg focuses on the major tournaments with single-minded determination. Grand slam events like Wimbledon demand two weeks of unremitting play at the highest level. A minor injury, the briefest lapse in concentration can result in elimination. Borg sees to it that he is at the top of his form for the major events, rested and ready. He arranges his schedule to provide a break from match tension, with at least a week to practice on courts that duplicate the tournament surface.

NEIL LEIFER

Mariana with Bjorn and his parents in Paris for the French Open

"My mother, she took my racquet and locked it in the closet. For five months."

Then Borg is nothing less than a tennis juggernaut. Only his eyes betray the fierce competitive fires within: when the ball is hit toward him, they widen, then darken with concentration as he follows the ball to his racquet. He runs so well that he seems never to reach for a ball; he merely awaits it. No matter where a ball is hit, it seems to have an invisible cord leading back to Borg's racquet, which is cocked to unleash a blazing passing shot.

"When I go out on the court and I sense I am playing well, I feel there is no way a guy can hit a winner, because I am going to be there. I think I can do anything with a tennis ball. It is the best feeling. Then I will try something I have never done before, and that works too. I don't really know what I'm doing out there because something strange is going on. I think I am Superman, and I start to try all kinds of things because suddenly, I know I can't miss the ball. I make an unbelievable shot, and it feels just like all the others. So then I want to show the people even more, give them these most fantastic shots that maybe they have never seen before in their lives. But I want to show them these shots because suddenly, I know I can. I cannot miss, not even one shot can I miss. It is like I am dreaming. It is wonderful."

That is what it is like to be Bjorn Borg. To have taught himself to play a game, then to grow within that game, to change it, to refine it. On rare occasions, the game within takes on a life of its own, so that fleetingly, the control of its possibilities is absolute. That is what it is like to be young and a champion.

And this too: "I don't regret anything in my life. I remember how I used to take the train to Stockholm every day after school to play, coming home late, studying, getting up to go to school, getting on the train again, all those years. It has gotten results. But even if it hadn't, even if I wasn't able to become a champion, I would still know that I gave it my best shot. I tried. I got on the train and tried."

—*By B.J. Phillips*

A Word from the Sponsors

The long-haired young man in blue jeans was due in Paris in a few hours. Standing in Rome's Fiumicino Airport, he looked at his Air France boarding pass and realized he had been seated in the coach section. He was thus unable to be with a companion who was ticketed in first class. "I can't upgrade this," he said, "I don't have enough money with me."

It seemed an unlikely predicament for Bjorn Borg, the world's wealthiest tennis player, but Borg rarely carries much cash with him. He does not have to. A small army of accountants, financial advisers, marketing experts and other support troops are employed to manage his money, his personal needs and his vastly lucrative image. Borg has not quite reached the dizzying heights of Arnold Palmer, the top earner in all of sport, who has made roughly $60 million in his career from golf and business ventures. "But he's getting closer," says Mark McCormack, founder and president of Cleveland-based International Management Group, which choreographs the schedules and handles the financial affairs of more than 400 athletes, including both Palmer and Borg. Says McCormack: "I have never come across an athlete who at Borg's age has accomplished what he has and whose prospects for the future are as bright."

Under IMG's careful programming, Borg will earn about $2 million this year just playing tennis. He will appear in some 30 exhibition matches that, at $30,000 to $60,000 a day depending on how far he has to travel, will bring him $1 million or so. Then there are the tournaments. Last year Borg entered fifteen, defaulted two times, won ten and took home $1,008,742 in winnings. This year his schedule calls for twelve tournaments, and barring injury, there is no reason to think he cannot do as well.

Borg will also make an additional $3 million or more this year that does not involve lifting a racquet. He has lent his name to almost 60 products. Among them: tennis shoes, training devices, racquet-stringing machines, instructional video and audio cassettes, balls, ball machines and headbands. Other firms line Borg's pockets for promoting breakfast cereal, bread, soft drinks, leisure shoes and clothes, sunglasses, tanning lotion, key rings, pencils, erasers, posters, calendars, confections (a Borg candy bar is sold in Europe), blue jeans, jewelry, glucose tablets, men's cologne, liquor (in Brazil) and a Bjorn Borg doll. One year he posed with two Swedish sewing machines for a company that wanted to salute "three Swedish champions." This fall a Borg-authored tennis column will begin appearing in British newspapers. Next month, for $125,000 plus royalties, a French picture agency will be permitted to photograph Borg's wedding. Says Bob Kain, Borg's account supervisor at IMG: "We told Bjorn that we could have tons of photographers around, with everybody trying to get involved, or we can limit it to one and make him some more money." Borg, who has had his fill of *paparazzi*, opted for both exclusivity and peace.

Some of Borg's endorsements bring more than cash. Along with the reported $60,000 Scandinavia's SAS Airlines paid him last year for wearing their logo on his sleeve, came free first-class air passage on SAS for him and discount fares for his parents. Donnay racquets of Belgium, which is paying him around $600,000 a year plus a commission on each Borg model racquet sold, also must provide the star with the 30 or so $75 racquets he takes with him to tournaments. In Australia, he endorses Bancroft racquets for another $90,000 or so a year and all the racquets he can break. Fila, an Italian tenniswear firm, gives him approximately $500,000 a year and the shirts on his back. VS Strings antes up more than $25,000 a year and lots of gut to keep Borg's tension high. In his togs, Borg is virtually a walking billboard.

And his price keeps going up. According to Kain, who recently negotiated Borg's new five-year contracts with Fila and Donnay, "they are the biggest deals in the history of tennis." The current going rate for a one-year print campaign using Borg's name and picture, including one day of his time to shoot the ad, is $50,000. But IMG generally insists on a minimum two-year deal with a 15% fee increase the second year. Budget-minded advertisers willing to settle for less than No. 1 one can hire Vitas Gerulaitis for a modest $30,000 annually, Skier Jean-Claude Killy for $25,000, Golfer Ben Crenshaw for $20,000 or twelfth-ranked tennis player Peter Fleming for $15,000. But Borg is the one they want. Says Kain, "We could fill up every day of the year so easily."

Why do firms pay so much for a Borg endorsement? Fila's sales climbed from $25 million to $53 million during the last three years of Borg's first contract. Donnay's racquet sales quadrupled in its first five years with Borg. Didier Ailloud, deputy sales director of the French firm that makes VS strings, believes that as much as 15% of new customers come his way after being swayed by the Swede. Says Ailloud: "I am convinced that the identification of Bjorn with our product is of inestimable importance."

How much, then, is Borg worth? Because of all the perks, his expenses on the tour—$20,000 to $25,000 annually—are lower than most top players. And by making his home in tax-free Monaco, Borg avoids the 85% bite he would feel in Sweden. A Swedish newspaper last year calculated his net worth at $7.25 million. That is surely low; Borg's investments, which IMG also manages, have appreciated at well beyond the inflation rate.

Borg bought gold at $200 per oz. a few years ago and sold it at $600. He owns a home on the French Riviera and part of an island off Sweden. He has diamond interests, a wide range of bonds and other securities, apartment and office buildings in the U.S., a tennis shop in Monte Carlo managed by his parents. He is also looking for a home in Florida, where he feels he may some day want to retire.

For its services, IMG charges Borg from 10% to 20% of his tennis prize money and between 20% and 30% of his endorsement income. To protect those revenues in the event of death or disablement, IMG has taken out a $10 million insurance policy on Borg, payable to IMG. What are the chances of his being hurt? He has rarely in his career sustained a serious injury, and despite the stress that experts say Borg's topspin places on his arm, his superb physical shape has so far kept the tennis machine functioning smoothly. Says veteran Tennis Coach Vic Braden: "The only way he's going to hurt his arm is carrying his wallet."

Sugar Ray Leonard just manages to evade a left from an aggressive Roberto Duran

The Battle of Montreal

An artist loses his title to a brawler in a thriller

It was billed, in French-speaking Montreal, as *le face à face historique*: the historic confrontation, a pairing mentioned in the same breath as Muhammad Ali *vs.* Joe Frazier, Joe Louis *vs.* Billy Conn, Sugar Ray Robinson *vs.* Jake LaMotta. In one corner, Sugar Ray Leonard, 24, the World Boxing Council welterweight champion, a virtuoso boxer with stunningly swift hands and a made-for-television smile. In the other corner, Roberto Duran, 29, the former lightweight titlist, a Panama City ruffian with *manos de piedra* (hands of stone) and a menacing countenance.

And a marvelous slugfest it was. Duran swarmed all over the champion, landing solid rights and bottling Leonard up against the ropes. Leonard flurried out of clinches and boldly traded punches at center ring. In the cool night air of Montreal's Olympic Stadium, steam began to rise from the fighters' backs. At the end of 15 unrelenting rounds, Duran had a unanimous decision, his 70th victory in 71 professional fights, and a paycheck estimated at $1.65 million. The personable Leonard, who won an Olympic gold medal in Montreal four years ago, suffered his first loss in 28 professional fights. But his purse should provide some consolation: it is expected to be upwards of $10 million. (Each fighter's cut was agreed upon in advance, win or lose.)

The 46,317 spectators at Olympic Stadium (capacity: 77,269) and the million or so others at some 400 closed-circuit television locations in North America were expecting a classic confrontation between an artist and a brawler. But from the start, Leonard fought out of character. Instead of dancing and circling on his toes, taking advantage of his longer reach, he tried to punch it out with the challenger. Unfortunately for Sugar Ray, however, he seemed to have left his jackhammer left jab back home in Palmer Park, Md. Explained Leonard: "I felt I could hit him with my best shots flatfooted and I did. The only trouble was that he connected too."

Duran, whose cinder-block style has earned him nicknames like "the Animal," was delighted with Leonard's tactics. With the champ always in range, the fierce Panamanian gladly accepted Leonard's lighter blows so he could get in some harder licks of his own. He staggered Leonard with an overhand right in the second round and landed a series of punishing shots in the third and fourth. Feinting and crouching to avoid Leonard's left, Duran muscled his opponent around the ring, charging like a bull at times.

In the fifth round, Leonard began scoring with combinations and occasional left hooks. But almost every time he landed, Duran came up with a return salvo. Leonard rallied gamely in the final rounds and easily won the 15th. But afterward Duran said he never had any doubts. "I knew I had won the fight," he declared. "I was more of a man." He certainly was on Friday night, but for thousands of fans the verdict is not yet final. They can hardly wait for a rematch. ■

Comeback Jack

An old pro wins the U.S. Open

In the lowering afternoon sun, Jack Nicklaus strode up the shadowed fairway toward the 18th green at New Jersey's Baltusrol Golf Club. The crowd began to surge and roar, cheering each step and move of the man who was leading the U.S. Open. It had been a long time since Nicklaus had heard the sound.

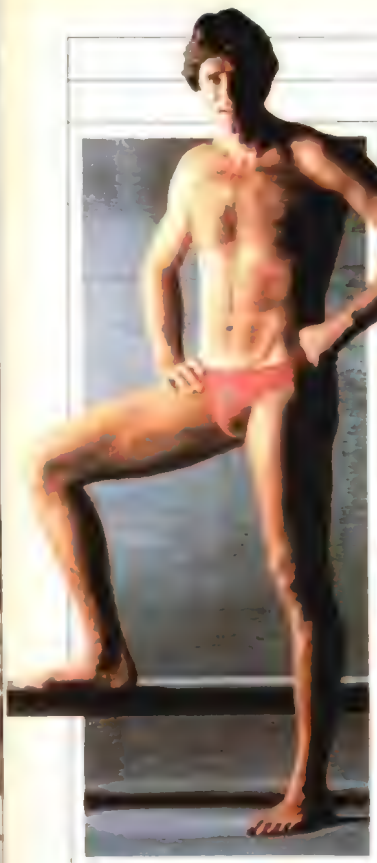
Since he first burst on the scene, a prodigy who won the 1959 U.S. Amateur at 19, Nicklaus, now 40, had won 66 tournaments, including 17 in the great competitions of golf's major tournaments: three U.S. Opens, five Masters, three British Opens, four P.G.A. championships and two U.S. Amateur championships. But he had not won any tournament since July 1978. Last year he slipped to 71st place on the list of P.G.A. money winners after 17 consecutive years in the top four. As recently as a week before Baltusrol, at the Atlanta Golf Classic, he had performed so poorly that he was eliminated after two rounds. With his putts stopping short, his drives wandering into the rough, his irons missing the greens, people were whispering that his championship days were over.

Not yet, not by a long tee shot. Nicklaus was tied for the lead the first day, but was alone at the top through the remaining three rounds. His score after each round was a new tournament record, and he needed every stroke to stave off the direct challenge of his surprising playing partner, Japan's Isao Aoki. Nicklaus, who admitted afterward that he too had come to doubt his ability, birdied the final two holes, nerveless as of old. His winning score of 272 (to Aoki's 274) broke by three strokes the U.S. Open record he had shared with Lee Trevino*. While a crowd of 25,000 chanted his name, Nicklaus acknowledged: "This is the best of them all." Trevino himself paid moving tribute to the only man ever to win a major golf title in four separate decades: "In my dreams, Jack, you always win." ■

*He made an extra $50,000 from *Golf Magazine* for eclipsing the old mark.

Nicklaus

People



Jim Palmer pitches Jockey briefs

Who is the best-looking guy in baseball? When the Baltimore Orioles came to play Seattle, the matter was put before the supreme judges of player pulchritude: the Mariners' wives. The surprising result: a home-town favorite. Pitcher **Rick Honeycutt,** placed second to Orioles Pitcher **Jim Palmer** in a ranking of baseball's top ten hunks. The criteria for the contest were a little unclear, observed Debbie Honeycutt, wife of the runner-up. "We weren't sure whether they wanted it from the neck up, the neck down or both." Palmer modestly admits his ads for Jockey briefs may have given him a below-the-neck edge. Says the 6-ft. 3-in., 194-lb. righthander, "I'm sure the voters have seen more of me."

■

After taking a telephone call from a well-wisher at the Le Mans race track, he could have said, "That was Mother." But it would not have had quite the same cachet, so **Mark Thatcher,** 26, announced, "That was the Prime Minister." Midway into the grueling 24-hr. sports car race, young Thatcher, positioned 30th in a field of 34, suffered what he later called "a momentary lapse of concentration" while negotiating an S bend at 80 m.p.h. His Osella skittered crabwise

Thatcher suited up for Le Mans

across the track, bumped to a stop against a safety barrier and refused to start. Thatcher, who made his driving debut just one year ago, was unhurt but thoroughly crushed and teary-eyed. The London press was not sympathetic: STOP SNIVELLING, MARK—YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW, scolded a *Daily Express* headline. In Britain, one expects a stiff upper lip from the son of the "Iron Lady."

■

Blithely pedaling near his summer home on Long Island to pick up the Sunday papers, former New York City Mayor **John V. Lindsay** had an unexpected run-in with a non-voter. The cyclist, a distinct long shot in his bid to win the Democratic nomination for U.S. Senator, swerved his ten-speed to avoid a charging dog. Too late. The angry dog rammed into the underdog's front wheel and sent Lindsay hurtling over his handle bars. Grounded with a fractured collarbone, he noted wryly: "This is not the kind of break that a candidate hopes for."

■

To **Woody Allen** she is "probably the most beautiful woman the world has yet seen." He might have added that **Mariel Hemingway,** 18, his *Manhattan* co-star, is also a topflight athlete. Even before she began an arduous nine months of training for the part of an Olympics-bound track star in *Personal Best*, Hemingway would spend four to five hours a day at her home in Ketchum, Idaho, swimming, skiing, jogging, riding horses, climbing mountains or tumbling on the family trampoline. To play a pentathlon competitor, she stretched her repertory to include the shot put, high jump, long jump, 200-meter dash and 80-meter hurdles. All this exercise has given the actress some impressive new muscles. She says: "You can see them get larger; they feel stronger. You become real conscious of them, but not in a vain way."

■

She lost by a hair shade to Bo Derek when the makers of *10* decided to cast a blond. But tawny **Tanya Roberts,** 25, came up a winner in ABC's marathon search for a new Charlie's Angel, outshining 2,000 other applicants for the role. As Angel Julie Richards, the 5-ft. 7½-in. Bronx-born actress will wear the halo that was stripped from **Shelley Hack,** who was dropped after one season. Married to Screenwriter Barry Roberts, the former Tanya Leigh earned her wings acting in off-Broadway shows. Her favorite actress? Another auburn beauty named Leigh—the late great Vivien, who, as the admiring Angel knows, also found her way to celestial stardom by virtue of an epic talent hunt. *By Claudia Wallis*

An aerial Mariel Hemingway trains for her role in *Personal Best*

Charlie's angelic Tanya Roberts

Because of past floods, Corning's new Museum of Glass was designed by Architect Gunnar Birkerts to hover elegantly on stilts

A New Museum for an Ancient Art

For openers: Louis Comfort Tiffany, glassmaker extraordinary

Glassmaking is one of the oldest of crafts: it was an estimated 3,500 years ago that some unknown artisan in Mesopotamia pulled a chunk of quartz from a primitive furnace and found that it had become the fascinating molten glob that is glass. There has never been a single museum detailing and displaying this long history. The Corning Glass Works has remedied the situation by opening a stunning new museum in Corning, N.Y., devoted to just this purpose. The building is worthy of its mission. It is an innovative and handsome structure designed by Architect Gunnar Birkerts, sheathed in paneled plate glass and laid out in the shape of a crazed clover leaf, a library in its center, a series of bays assigned to each of twelve major glassmaking styles.

The biggest bay is intended for special exhibits and, fittingly enough for the opening, it will be devoted to the work of the greatest of all U.S. glassmakers, Louis Comfort Tiffany. Specifically, it will celebrate 16 stained-glass windows that Tiffany treasured and installed in his lavish house in Oyster Bay, N.Y. The house burned to the ground in 1957, but somehow these windows survived and were bought by Hugh McKean, then president of Rollins College, and his wife Jeanette, a longtime Tiffany collector. With the windows, the McKeans set up a gallery near their home in Winter Park, Fla. Only after special pleas from Museum Director Thomas Buechner did they agree to lend the windows for Corning's opening.

In return, Corning has provided a richly tasteful installation of dark interiors, where each window glows, offering opulent testimony to the improvements in Tiffany's taste and technique as he grew in age and experience. The windows begin with panels that look like little more than paintings (not very good ones, mostly of the Burne-Jones persuasion) and go on to the increasingly abstract and incandescent color of Tiffany's later works, such as *Pumpkin and Beets*, 1900-05, as abstractly designed as any action painter might wish. Also on display is a solid representation of Tiffany's famed lamps and lampshades (one recently brought $360,000 at auction).

Tiffany's progress: spider-web lamp, 1900, and *Pumpkin and Beets*, 1900-05

The bottom of a preserve jar led to iridescence and a new abstraction.

Stained-glass window *Summer*, 1892

The designs range from the most familiar, delicate lacery to a remarkable lamp studded with bizarre, irregular pieces of brown-green glass. The result looks like nothing so much as a bejeweled turtle.

Not even Tiffany, who was a vain man, could have anticipated the surge in the value of his work. But then he did not intend to be a glassmaker in the first place. He did not need to be. When he was born in 1848, his father was already on his way to becoming the most famous jeweler in the land. But young Louis had no wish to take over the family business. He set out to be a painter, studying for a year with George Inness, rather than going to college. In the end he discovered that the arts and crafts movement founded by Britain's William Morris and the Pre-Raphaelites was more to his taste; their creed was that everyday utensils and decoration should be formed and shaped by the same principles of beauty as any painting or sculpture. By the time he was 31, Tiffany had abandoned "pure" painting almost

Art

entirely to turn his talents to interior decoration and design, with a strong predilection for the Oriental simplicities and tastes preached by Whistler.

His first interest in glass came from attempts to make stained-glass windows of his (and other painters') works. He found himself dissatisfied with the state of the art, which then chiefly consisted of fusing the drawings into the glass, and began looking for improvements. In his experiments, he records: "I perceived that the glass used for claret bottles and preserve jars was richer, finer and had a more beautiful quality in color than any glass I could buy." The secret, he concluded, was that this cheaper glass "contained the oxides of iron and other impurities which are left in the sand when melted." It took him almost 30 years of experimentation before he found methods that produced what he wanted, including an iridescent glass that he called Favrile (from the old English word *fabrile*, of a craftsman) and for which he applied for a patent. Others, including John La Farge in the U.S. and Thomas Webb in England, were working along the same lines, but apparently Tiffany got there first.

By 1900 Tiffany seemed content to rest on his considerable laurels as a decorator, having to his credit the nearly total redecoration of the White House for President Chester Arthur, and was concentrating on his glassmaking. He saw new opportunities in the invention of the incandescent bulb. Working with Thomas Alva Edison, he realized that something was needed both to soften the brightness of the new light and to conceal the bulb's unlovely shape. He came up with the lampshade that is perhaps his most famous design.

During his lifetime, Tiffany guarded his reputation ferociously. He was not primarily a designer; rather, he was a director and producer—bearing the same relation to his glass that Diaghilev did to Paris' Ballet Russe. Though he personally puttered with glass all his life, and in the early years often did a quick gouache or watercolor sketch for a proposed design, in later years he simply hired the best designers, the most skilled craftsmen, then turned them loose to fashion their individual pieces. He was a strong and controlling taskmaster. If a section of a glass window displeased him, he would knock it out with his fist. Every product had to pass his severe scrutiny and demanding standards of taste. One foreman told the story of a large window produced to the order of a rich client; it was intended to represent the view from the client's front porch. The customer declared himself delighted, but added, "I want a duck, right there in the middle of the picture." Tiffany indignantly said that a duck would not fit the composition. Said the client: "I paid for that window, and I want a duck." Tiffany glared at him, turned and smashed the window into fragments. —*By A.T. Baker*

Editor Lewis H. Lapham, who failed in a last-hour rescue try, in his Manhattan office last week

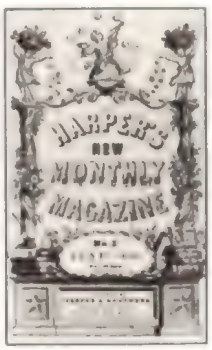
Press

A Senior Citizen Succumbs

Harper's, *the nation's oldest monthly, to close at age 130*

Probably no magazine in the world was ever so popular or so profitable.

That was the way an envious competitor described *Harper's* at the start of the Civil War. Since then, however, it has rarely been popular or profitable. Founded by four brothers in New York City, *Harper's* has spent most of its 130 years awash in red ink, losing $1.3 million annually since 1977. Last week America's oldest monthly received its long-feared death notice. Said Otto Silha, chairman of the parent Minneapolis Star and Tribune Co.: "It was no longer desirable for the company to support its operation in the light of increased costs of such items as paper and postage."



Harper's (circ. 325,000) had been on the block for nearly a year. Religious and other special-interest groups made inquiries but were turned away as unsuitable owners; other prospective buyers were unwilling to absorb the magazine's hefty operating losses and its liability of $3 million in prepaid subscriptions. Editor Lewis H. Lapham and two partners failed in a last-hour rescue attempt.

During its illustrious history, *Harper's* published the writing of Dickens, Trollope and Twain. In the late 1960s, Editor Willie Morris, a Mississippian who earned his spurs at the *Texas Observer*, signed up a bunch of literary gunslingers—Norman Mailer, David Halberstam, Larry King—to give the magazine what one critic called "sophistication with a whoop." Morris and his gang walked out in 1971 when *Harper's* absentee owners objected to that new direction.

Robert Shnayerson, a former TIME senior editor, succeeded Morris, adding earnest stories on the environment and a section called "Tools for Living," a kind of survival guide for the bean-sprout generation. Dizzied by the Morris zig and the Shnayerson zag, droves of readers and advertisers drifted away. In 1976, a year after Lapham took over, only 23% of subscribers renewed. (The rate is back up to 50%, but advertising has not grown apace.) Along with the *Atlantic Monthly* and *Saturday Review*, both of which have changed hands in the past few months, *Harper's* has been hurt by the rise of less serious, more narrowly focused periodicals. Says Lapham: "Twenty years ago we could have run articles on anything from toy railroads to wild boars to American politics. Now every one of these subjects has a magazine of its own."

Lapham, 45, a cerebral ex-newspaperman from San Francisco, tried to retrain *Harper's* eye on important public issues, setting the tone with a crotchety column of his own. The magazine was proudly provocative, billing itself "the battlefield of the mind." Some readers found it overly contentious and occasionally stale. The cover story for the August—and final—issue, for example, is on television evangelism, a worthy topic but one long since worked over by other magazines. Still, *Harper's* is a voice that will be missed. As Lapham says, "Its closing chips a little away from one's freedom to say what one damn well pleases." ■

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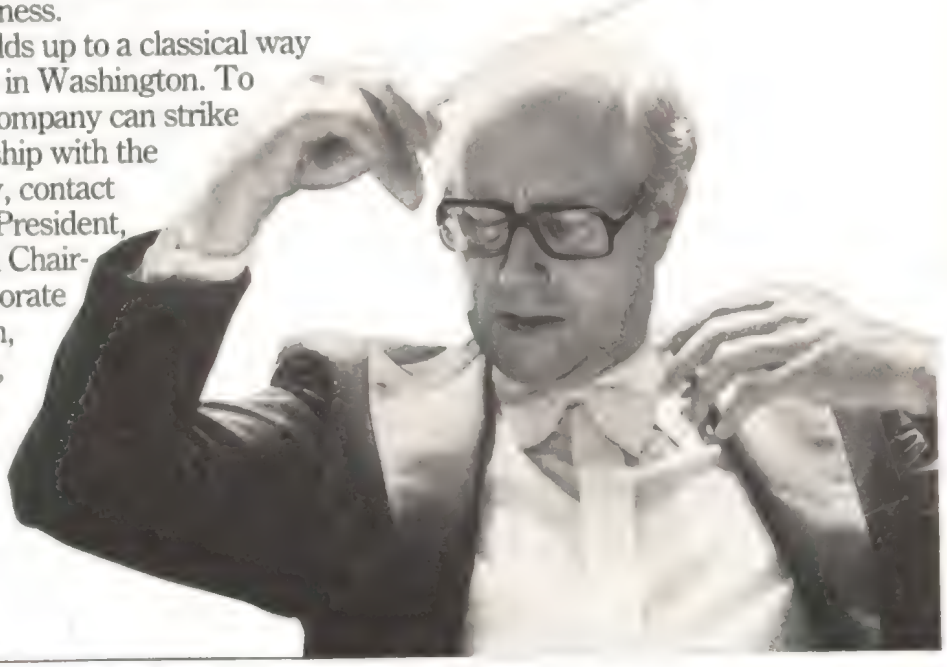

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On the Gold Mountain

CHINA MEN *by Maxine Hong Kingston; Knopf; 308 pages; $10.95*

With *The Woman Warrior* (1976), Author Maxine Hong Kingston left herself a hard act to follow. That book, her first, indelibly rendered the pain of growing up female and Chinese in the U.S., of being in effect a servant among the dispossessed. It bridged two vastly different cultures; its drawing of Chinese legends and customs was thorough and fascinating, while its evocation of the uncertainties of assimilation was quintessentially American. *The Woman Warrior* did, in short, what all great autobiographies do: it turned self-knowledge into art.

That remarkable journey inward now has a fitting companion. Kingston's new book is a voyage out, an attempt to understand others by inhabiting them. The others are men, China Men, heirs to an ancient tradition of oppressing women. A scene early in the book sets Kingston off on her imaginative quest. As a young girl, the author watches her father at work in his laundry in Stockton, Calif. Trained as a scholar in China, he is subject to black moods and bitterness over his low estate. His angriest curses vilify women's bodies. The girl both understands and is bewildered. She addresses him in memory: "We knew that it was to feed us you had to endure demons and physical labor." But she adds: "What I want from you is for you to tell me that those curses are only common Chinese sayings. That you did not mean to make me sicken at being female."

The scene shifts abruptly back to another time and country. Her father is born, the youngest of four boys. Her grandfather, considered addled by the villagers, tries to exchange his infant son for a girl baby. On feet maimed by binding, the mother hobbles off to retrieve her child, raging all the while at her husband: "Dead man, trading a son for a slave. Idiot." It is this indomitable woman who had forced him to leave the village and seek work in America, to become a Sojourner on the Gold Mountain: "Make money. Don't stay here eating."

A pattern emerges through the book's jumbled chronology. China Men go out in the world either to earn the right to come home to their women or to establish a new place suitable for them. One of Kingston's grandfathers fetches up in the 1860s in the Sierra Nevada, seeking work with the Central Pacific Railroad. He is hired on the spot, Kingston notes acidly, because "chinamen had a natural talent for explosions." Years of backbreaking, dangerous work follow, the continent is finally linked by rail, and then the grandfather and his fellow Chinese find they are no longer welcome on the Gold Mountain.

A great-grandfather goes to Hawaii at about the same time to clear the land and plant sugar cane. He resents the rule that forbids talking on the job: "How was he to marvel adequately, voiceless? He needed to cast his voice out to catch ideas." Lonely, overworked, far from their families, the China Men dig a large hole in a rich Hawaiian cane field, kneel around it and chant. " 'I want my home,' the men yelled together. 'I want home. Home. Home. Home. Home.' " Then they cover up the soil, trusting that the cane, when grown, will seed the air with their lament.

The poignancy of that moment is the fruit of stunning historical reconstruction coupled with the imagination of a novelist. Ransacking what she has heard from her family and read in books, Kingston becomes a succession of her male relatives, grandfathers, father, uncles and younger brothers. In the process, she tests a theory that she had developed as a girl: "I did not think that men had feelings; it was women who missed people, minded the distances, the time, and cared about whether or not they saw someone again." Slowly she disabuses herself of this notion. The final link in her chain of reasoning is her youngest brother. Facing the draft, he enlists in the Navy, prepared to desert the moment he is required to inflict pain or death. He goes to Viet Nam and sees the Orient for the first time, reversing the trip made by so many of his forebears. And he comes home, not to China but to California, where, as an uncle had once shouted, "we belong." At the very end, Kingston resolves to "watch the young men who listen."

They, and everyone else, should listen to her. Her voice, alternately angry, calm, sardonic and compassionate, spins healing magic. The term chinamen is a literal and figurative slur, a squeezing together of words for the purpose, intended or not, of diminution. *China Men* puts the pause back where it belongs. Maxine Hong Kingston, a woman warrior indeed, stares down her men in equal combat; ultimately, this granddaughter, daughter and sister helps them win the respect their dignity deserves. — ***Paul Gray***

Excerpt

"Once in a while an adult said, 'Your grandfather built the railroad.' (Or 'Your grandfathers built the railroad.' Plural and singular are by context.) We children believed that it was that very railroad, those trains, those tracks running past our house; our own giant grandfather had set those very logs into the ground, poured the iron for those very spikes with the big heads and pounded them until the heads spread like that, mere nails to him. He had built the railroad so that trains would thunder over us, on a street that inclined toward us. We lived on a special spot of the earth, Stockton, the only city on the Pacific coast with three railroads . . .

Grandfather left a railroad for his message: We had to go somewhere difficult. Ride a train. Go somewhere important. In case of danger, the train was to be ready for us."

Maxine Hong Kingston

Setting off on a voyage and attempting to understand others by inhabiting them.

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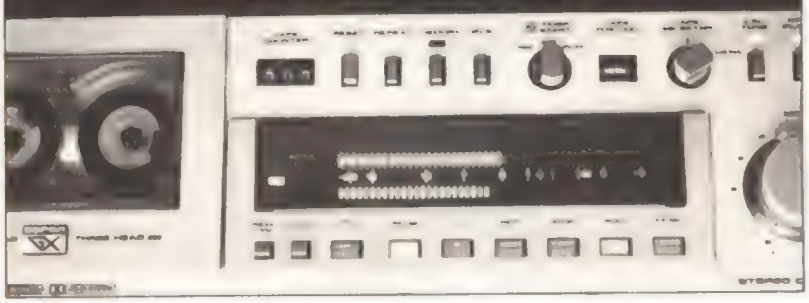

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Books

Lynne Sharon Schwartz

Homebodies

ROUGH STRIFE
by Lynne Sharon Schwartz
Harper & Row; 200 pages; $9.95

Caroline is a mathematician who specializes in topology and knot theory. Husband Ivan is an executive at a New York City museum. He relishes detachment, irony and ambiguity; she favors directness, clarity and definite answers. But Ivan is more demanding than Caroline. "She could forgive a good deal of grossness so long as there was not emotional dishonesty, but he required aesthetic purity and was harsh about lapses in taste. He said that if something was shoddily executed it had unquestionably been shoddily conceived and insufficiently felt. This rigor in him, especially when directed at a well-meaning movie, gave her a sinking, hopeless feeling. Yet she knew that it was so in her own work: everything true and useful proceeded from a clear statement of the premises."

The premise of Lynne Sharon Schwartz's true and useful first novel is that marriage is a form of "unconditional acceptance" and, in Caroline's professional opinion, something that "might be infinitely twisted, tugged and pushed, provided that no shapes were snapped in two, or poked with holes, or forced inside out."

This striking topological analogy also applies to *Rough Strife*, a brainy, sensuous reshaping of courtly love, romantic clichés, sex stereotypes and many of the truisms that keep two people sleeping, eating and, above all, talking together for most of their lives.

Young Caroline meets Ivan during a Roman holiday in the late 1950s. At 29, he is one of those postwar perennial students, a Fulbright scholar studying the relationship of architecture to the rise and fall of empires. His real talent, he believes,

Books

lies elsewhere. "I think," he says to Caroline, "I would be good at telling people how to go about getting what they want. That's if they know what they want to begin with."

At that moment, Caroline wants to get this attractive intellectual to bed. Ivan is in no hurry; he charms and tantalizes her with food, wine and graceful erudition. Rather than toss coins in a fountain, he guides her to the Campidoglio to see the caged she-wolf, symbol of the mythical beast that suckled Romulus and Remus. The animal, "glowering from slate-gray eyes that looked at once treacherous and ready to weep," suddenly howls in their faces.

Eight years after her marriage, Caroline is in obstetrical stirrups being delivered of their first child: "She wasn't supposed to roar, the natural childbirth teacher hadn't mentioned anything about that, she was supposed to breathe and push. But as long as no one seemed to take any notice she might as well keep on, it felt so satisfying and necessary... The sound reminded her of something she had heard long ago."

The point, richly made throughout the novel, is that a perceptive Ivan was drawn to a wildness just beneath Caroline's cool, efficient exterior. She, in turn, understands that Ivan's passionate statements about art and politics cloak a chilly, analytical intelligence. It is this intelligence that ironically gives emotional and physical depth to their marriage.

Ivan may appear a feminist idea of the perfect mate. He does not interfere with Caroline's career or challenge her separateness. When a teaching job takes her away for three months, he stays behind and cooks for their daughter. Yet he is complex, touchy about his freedom, easy to anger and a bit violent. It is assumed that he has an occasional affair. Caroline does too, though her liaisons are never confused with the authentic intimacies of her home life.

Readers looking to rationalize that contradiction in terms of "open marriage" will not find support in this book. Schwartz is too good a writer to build characters out of trendy rhetoric and aggressive self-pity. Her aim is to show how two people in love can reveal each other's nature over a long period of time. They were, writes the author, "hammer and chisel to each other."

This is not a gentle image. Indeed, Schwartz takes her title from Andrew Marvell's poem *To His Coy Mistress:*

> *Let us roll all our Strength and all*
> *Our sweetness up into one Ball.*
> *And tear our Pleasures with rough strife,*
> *Thorough the Iron gates of Life.*

It appears she also knows her La Rochefoucauld: "There are good marriages, but no delightful ones." — **R.Z. Sheppard**

"We tell ourselves stories in order to live."

Joan Didion's stories are about a time with no memory. When vertigo came to Malibu. When the city created traffic jams to force drivers off the road. And the home of California's governor stood unfinished and empty.

The White Album: her new national bestseller from the publisher of *Run River, Play It as It Lays* and *A Book of Common Prayer.*

Photo: Tony Costa

Joan Didion's The White Album
Now in paperback.

POCKET BOOKS

Bill Cosby talks to Jim Lund: Red Cross lifesaving hero.

Cosby:
Must've been fate that brought you to that motel 1,000 miles from home, Jim."

Lund:
Good thing I walked out by the pool when I did, Bill – that boy would be a drowning statistic. Nobody else knew what to do... a man was shaking the kid by his heels! All I could think was get [illegible] I [illegible]

and tilted his head back to open the airway so I could breathe some life into him.

The mouth-to-mouth was – everything was automatic. My Red Cross training came back clear as a bell that day – 25 years after I took that course.

Cosby:
"And the boy – O.K.?"

Lund:
"First time I ever got pleasure seeing a little boy cry. His father cried, too.

Cosby:
Bet he was grateful.

Lund:
"Yes, that boy's father was grateful. So was I. Grateful for Red Cross.

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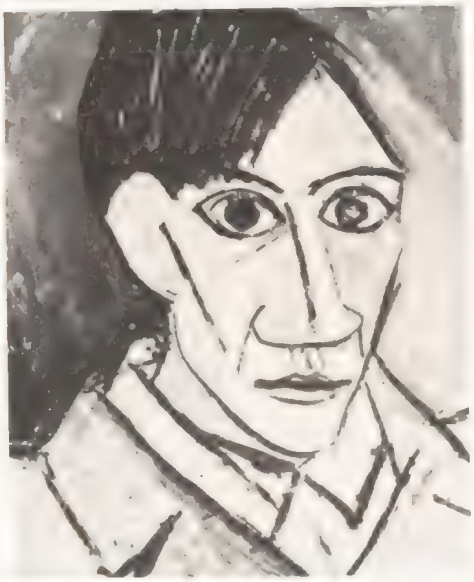
PABLO PICASSO: A RETROSPECTIVE

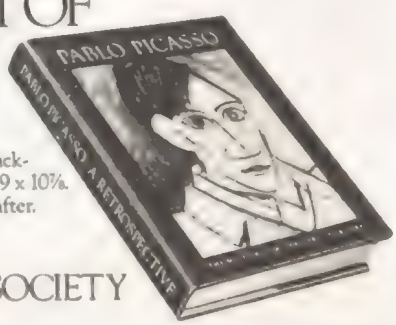


Self-Portrait, 1907, National Gallery, Prague

The catalog of the Picasso retrospective at The Museum of Modern Art, like the exhibition itself, is an unprecedented achievement. Of the 758 works in all media, from all periods of the artist's career, some 300 are from the new Picasso museum in Paris; about 80 have been lent by Picasso family members; the rest are from museums and private collectors throughout the world, and from MoMA itself. Such a comprehensive collection is unlikely to be assembled ever again. *New York* magazine calls it "the most important exhibition since the Armory show in 1913."

PABLO PICASSO: A RETROSPECTIVE, with nearly 1,000 illustrations, does full justice to this extraordinary event. More than 200 works of art, an unusually large number, are reproduced in color. A work of art itself, this volume shows the continuity and unity of this twentieth-century titan's work as never before. One of the greatest of all museum exhibitions has yielded one of the most indispensable of all art books.

THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART NEW YORK



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Books

Diagnoses

HEARTSOUNDS
by Martha Weinman Lear
Simon & Schuster; 413 pages; $12.95

Anyone who has been seriously ill often develops mixed feelings about general practitioners and practitioners in general. Those sentiments have produced a burgeoning nonfiction genre: the antimedical medical book. Last season's outstanding instance was Norman Cousins' *Anatomy of an Illness* (Norton; $9.95) More in elation than in anger, the former editor of the *Saturday Review* recounted his battle against a disease of the spinal tissue that physicians had pronounced irreversible. Cousins ignored them. If stress and other negative emotions could trigger illness, he reasoned, positive emotions might restore health. The patient treated himself medically with ascorbic acid and emotionally with laughter-inducing joke books and reruns of Marx brothers movies. Not exactly what the doctor ordered, but it worked

The story of Cousins' recovery became a surprise bestseller—a surprise, that is, to the medical establishment. It should have known better. As bills increase and treatments grow impersonal, the sales of antimedical books have risen faster than fevers. Case in point: Martha Weinman Lear's *Heartsounds*, now in its third week on TIME's bestseller list. Unlike Cousins' account, it has no upbeat conclusion about the body's ability to heal itself. Sorrow unfolds from the book's opening line: "He awoke at 7 a.m. with pain in his chest."

He is Hal Lear, Martha's husband, a physician and a man of intelligence and sensitivity. The pain that woke him was the onset of his first heart attack. Before Dr. Lear's death four years later, he was to suffer every indignity open to victims

Martha Weinman Lear

A catalogue of grief and noble despair.

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Directed by IRVIN KERSHNER Produced by GARY KURTZ
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Now in Your Galaxy

of cardiac disease. Worse, as a doctor he understood exactly what was happening to him, so that he was not even granted the anesthesia of ignorance.

With unblinking candor, Martha Lear records every agony, every tantrum, every embarrassment experienced by a man whose body has begun the process of betrayal. No one is spared, least of all the author. She recalls her resentment of the illness that disables both her husband and her marriage: "I ache for him but I resent him as well, this sick, sunken man ... The intensity of the anger that hovers here, beneath what I take to be love, is frightening. I understand the wretched banality of such an anger as this ... yet it shames and appalls me."

That anger is not directed solely at Hal and his illness. The author's finest fury is saved for medical institutions. Norman Cousins was ironic: "A hospital is no place for a person who is seriously ill." Martha Lear is splenetic: "The social atrocities committed by the staff!" she recalls of Hal's initial hospital admission. "It was as though, by the simple act of signing in, patients forfeited the right to be treated with respect." Her husband reinforces her feelings. "Where else," he asks, "would you tolerate such rotten service for $185.80 a day?"

Dr. Hal Lear

The physician cannot heal himself. Helplessly he witnesses the indiscriminate dispensing of sleeping pills in order to give the house staff an easier night, the neglect of infections, the imperious commands made by the vertical to the horizontal. His exhausted wish is for "a rule that every doctor must spend one week a year in a hospital bed. That would change things in a hurry."

Recuperation is slow and recovery elusive. Further heart problems bring Lear back to the hospital, this time for bypass surgery. After the operation, he suffers the most dreadful euphemism in the doctors' lexicon: "Complications." Rudeness and evasion become the order of the day, and a fatal demoralization sets in. "The patient," Martha Lear notes, "had been blamed for his illness, had been handed back his questions, unopened, and had been left feeling rejected, abandoned ... This is classic in long chronic disease; this is what the failures of the body do unerringly to the soul."

Any account of a good man's death is bound to be moving. But *Heartsounds* is far more than case history. Martha Weinman Lear is a born writer, and the resonances in her prose go back to Greek tragedy with its catalogue of grief and noble despair. By the cathartic ending, when there are no more tears to shed and no more afflictions to remember, Martha Lear is finally able to forgive. She realizes that the professionals could not perform a miracle: "The doctor does not exist who could treat such a gravely ill patient for such a long time without making mistakes ... given their mortal limitations, they were more than good."

Still, forgiving is not forgetting, and her profoundly affecting chronicle is seeded with ideas and warnings. The antimedical book was born out of a moral demand: as long as patients feel the lack of care, as long as doctors act with an omniscience that is only an act, volumes like Cousins' and Lear's will continue to resound with cries from the heart. And the stethoscope will not be the best way to hear them. — ***Peter Stoler***

Editors' Choice

FICTION: A Gentle Occupation, *Dirk Bogarde* • Falling in Place, *Ann Beattie* • Finding a Girl in America, *Andre Dubus* • Doctor Fischer of Geneva or the Bomb Party, *Graham Greene* • Joshua Then and Now, *Mordecai Richler* • Morgan's Passing, *Anne Tyler* • Preparations for the Ascent, *Gilbert Rogin*

NONFICTION: Gladys, Duchess of Marlborough, *Hugo Vickers* Maybe, *Lillian Hellman* Philosophy and Public Policy, *Sidney Hook* • The Oak and the Calf, *Alexander Solzhenitsyn* • The Return of Eva Perón, *V.S. Naipaul* Thirty Seconds, *Michael J. Arlen* Wilderness of Mirrors, *David C. Martin*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Random Winds, *Plain (1 last week)*
2. The Spike, *De Borchgrave & Moss (2)*
3. The Bourne Identity, *Ludlum (3)*
4. Rage of Angels, *Sheldon*
5. Princess Daisy, *Krantz (5)*
6. The Devil's Alternative, *Forsyth (6)*
7. No Love Lost, *Van Slyke (4)*
8. Sins of the Fathers, *Howatch*
9. Kane and Abel, *Archer*
10. Innocent Blood, *James (9)*

NONFICTION

1. Thy Neighbor's Wife, *Talese (1)*
2. Free to Choose, *Milton & Rose Friedman (3)*
3. The Real War, *Nixon (2)*
4. Men in Love, *Friday (4)*
5. Will, *Liddy (5)*
6. How You Can Become Financially Independent by Investing in Real Estate, *Lowry*
7. Jim Fixx's Second Book of Running, *Fixx (6)*
8. Nothing Down, *Allen (8)*
9. Heartsounds, *Lear (10)*
10. Winning the Losing Battle, *LeShan*

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Swift Justice

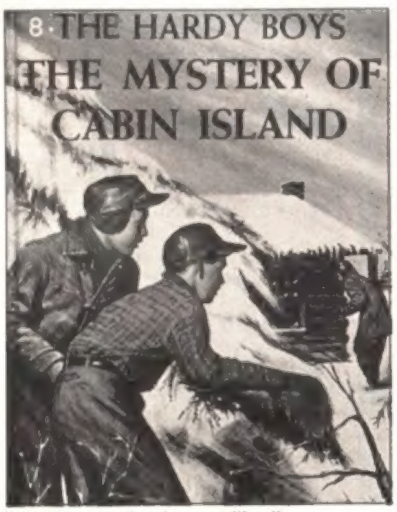
Teen-agers find a new home

CHAPTER 1: The Birth of a Syndicate

Great Scott! said Tom swiftly. He has been saying it for almost 80 years. So have the Hardy Boys, Nancy Drew, the Bobbsey Twins and the Dana Girls. If they sometimes sounded alike, the resemblance was purely deliberate—they were all created by one Edward Stratemeyer, who died in 1930. Under more than a hundred pseudonyms, Stratemeyer and his ghostwriting syndicate produced thousands of books and millions of sales. But wait! expostulated the heirs and assignees. More than one publisher was interested in the burgeoning royalties that still total millions per year.

CHAPTER 2: The Battle for Boys' Souls

Ye gods! mumbled Grosset & Dunlap, theocratically. The publishers of the Stratemeyer books revered their profits.



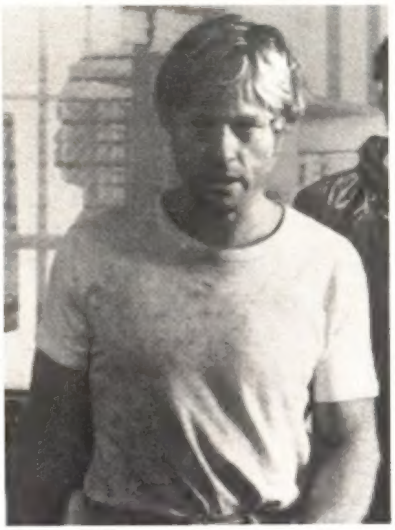
Stratemeyer sleuths ... still sell

Ah, but so did Simon & Schuster, which hopes to make millions by publishing new paperback adventures of the Hardy Boys, Nancy Drew and the Bobbsey Twins, written by the syndicate under the direction of Stratemeyer's daughter, Harriet Adams, 87. Not fair! expostulated Grosset, legally. Yes it is! countered S & S.

CHAPTER 3: The Saga's Strange Ending

The decision is final, said the federal district court, judgmentally; it makes no difference if Grosset has had a contract with the Stratemeyer Syndicate since 1930. That was an old story, and the latest adventures are as fresh as this spring's corn. Still, all was not black for Grosset. Although their claim for $300 million in damages was effectively dismissed, they would be allowed to publish the Tom Swift Jr. series, as specified in a 1951 agreement. Ruefully, the combatants might recall the innocent days when all that fictive boys and girls had to worry about was *Melted Coins* and *The Mystery at the Moss-Covered Mansion.* ■

Cinema



Robert Redford as Brubaker

Knothead

BRUBAKER
Directed by Stuart Rosenberg
Screenplay by W.D. Richter

It seems clear that Robert Redford has decided to place his talents and his star's clout more or less in the service of ideals he believes in. Though he is happy to entertain an audience, it had better be in the context of a story containing a liberal, humane moral. Somehow his roles —whether as investigative reporter or up-the-organization cowboy—suit him in his maturity, as they do not most other leading men, about whom the sweet odors of Bel Air and Rodeo Drive cling. There is something of the authentic knothead about Redford.

Brubaker, which is about the efforts of a warden to clean up what looks to be the foulest and most corrupt prison in America, is not as close to everyone's concerns as *All the President's Men* was, nor has it the knockabout charm of *The Electric Horseman*. But it is an often powerful film. Its most potent passages come at the beginning. Redford, in the title role, becomes an inmate in a prison in order to experience conditions there firsthand before he takes over as warden. Since *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang* almost half a century ago, moviegoers have periodically been made painfully aware of how rotten life can be on a Southern prison farm. Director Rosenberg had a good go at the subject in *Cool Hand Luke* (1967). But never has the food looked so disgusting, or the living conditions so vile, as they are shown here. Nor have the reprisals and punishments been more brutally demonstrated. Also, the fact that the Brubaker character is modeled after Thomas Murton, an academic penologist who took over an Arkansas prison in the 1960s, gives the film a documentary urgency that its predecessors have lacked.

Brubaker, like Murton, discovers that the horrors of prison life are not waste products of idle sadism; they are manifestations of a wider corruption. The penalty for exposing these evils is death—a sentence carried out by the venal trusties and implicitly condoned by their civilian counterparts, the local politicians and businessmen. It is the discovery of the victims' graves that brings *Brubaker* to its ambiguous climax.

In return for silence on the murders, Brubaker is offered a deal that would give him the money to put into practice all the reforms for which he has been campaigning. He refuses, evidently on the grounds that one cannot make deals with a system so mired in evil. The movie, though sympathetic to his stand, stops short of full endorsement. A larger good might have been accomplished through compromise.

The moral argument is not long or preachily dwelt on. Nor is a romance that might have developed between Redford and Jane Alexander, playing the Governor's aide who got him appointed. One sees the spark flash between them and then watches them immediately suppress it, as men and women often do when a larger task is at hand. Both are excellent, as are Yaphet Kotto and David Keith as prisoners trying to decide if they dare to give their trust to Brubaker. One might wish that Director Rosenberg could control his ever zooming, ever panning camera. Stillness would have served this grim film better. ***—By Richard Schickel***

Dead Horses

ROUGH CUT
Directed by Don Siegel
Screenplay by Francis Burns

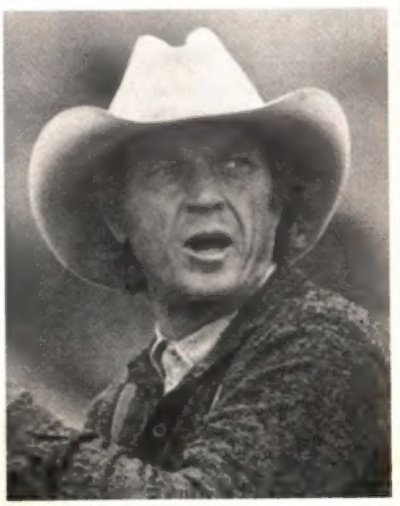
Burt Reynolds, everybody's favorite Everyman, has often expressed his desire to become the Cary Grant of the '80s. Lesley-Anne Down, with her Cool Whip body and a mouth that seems always on the verge of an indecent proposal, must have been told she could be the next Grace Kelly. Don Siegel, who makes diamond-hard action movies, has always wanted to direct an elegant, light-fingered comedy like the Grant-Kelly *To Catch a Thief*. For all anyone knows, Ernest Borgnine wishes he were Fred Astaire. But wishes aren't horses—and if they were, *Rough Cut* would be an also-ran.

Larry Gelbart's original script—about a couple of high-society crooks, their $30 million heist and the wily Scotland Yard inspector (David Niven) who dogs their trail—may have meant to revive the old Hitchcock tradition of sophisticated comedy. But so frail a genre is more style than substance, and Siegel's trooper-boot direction flattens out the laugh lines and bits of business until they have all the charm of an airport runway. Gelbart was smart enough to remove his name from the credits (hence the screenwriter pseudonym). Reynolds was not so lucky. His all-American good humor seems forced here—as if he had wandered into his own funeral and resolved to brazen it out. ***—By Richard Corliss***

Frontier's End

TOM HORN
Directed by William Wiard
Screenplay by Thomas McGuane and Bud Shrake

"I never ate a bug that big before," says the old gunfighter (Steve McQueen), faced down by a lobster at a cattlemen's banquet in a raw Wyoming town. His voice is soft, whisky-warm and a bit rueful; he knows that in 1901 his day is over, that he is out of place among the boosters and dealers who have built the town and fenced the range. They have brought him here to wipe out a gang of rustlers, but his murderous skills and cranky independence make the clean-shirt-once-a-week crowd nervous. Before long, sure enough, they frame him for the cowardly killing of a boy of 15. The situation is almost self-consciously classic, and there is a temptation to yell "Come back, Shane!" at the screen. But it is a pleasure to watch Steve McQueen's tough, weathered mug as he speaks the lines given to Tom Horn, an actual turn-of-the-century frontiersman. If there is a bit too much of this sort of satisfaction, with a great many shots of McQueen looking tragical, *Tom Horn* is a good, honest try, a western that does not parody itself. ***—By John Skow***



Steve McQueen as Tom Horn
A good old gunfighter's mug.

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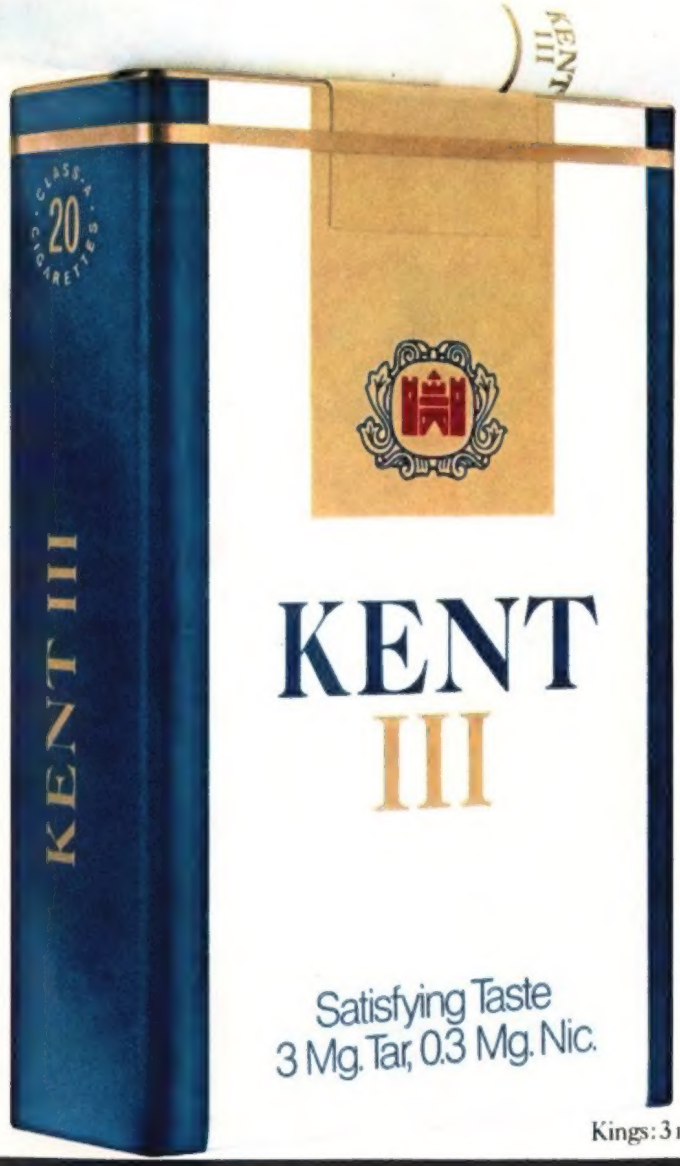

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